

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE GERMAN FATHER-LAND.

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SWEET are the reminiscences of the German father-land! Long will the warm throbbings of ardent hearts that beat with mine, whose sympathies were my sympathies, whose loves were my loves, and whose homes were my home, fill the first leaves of the tablets of my memory. Neither time nor distance can sever the ties of friendship there woven, nor will those chords, when touched, ever cease to utter the harmony of joys gone by, whatever may be the discordance and turmoils of the future.

I hope that I have not stood in vain by the grave of Luther and Melancthon, of Goethe and of Schiller; I hope that I have learned to banish a narrow-minded prejudice in favor of any *one* nation, and to feel that *each* has its glorious meteors: of those none shine with more effulgence than those whose mother tongue is that of the German people.

A German scholar once observed to me, "We almost envy the English language its Shakspeare; and we would do so did the great poet belong to England and not to the world. His isolated greatness is his pardon for making our Goethe a star of the second magnitude beside him; and we feel that we, too, can point to Goethe, and say, also, that he is worthy of belonging to the world. We are proud of his genius, and are happy that it shines on other lands than ours." The German nation, more than any other, cherishes the recollections of the founders of its greatness, and offers its devotions to their memory with an affection equal to a pious fervency.

The grave of Luther is preserved as one of the most brilliant jewels in the diadem of their national glory, and even the old house in which he lived and labored is loved as a monument of their history, unlike the cottage of the Bard of Avon, that goes begging for an owner in the land where its humble tenant sang his inspirations. Luther's house in Wittenberg still remains in the state in which it was during his life, and the furniture is preserved, even to the two arm-chairs which were used by him and his beloved Catharine. In the

center of the room is a massive table, which can be turned into a dough-trough on baking-day, and the closet contains his curiously-carved old beer-jug, and a couple of leaden plates which composed the table-service of Martin Luther. In his library are some interesting relics, among which quite a collection of manuscript music; and on the wall hangs an old stringed instrument like a guitar, on which he used to play to Catharine.

Every spot in Wittenberg seems consecrated to Luther; the market place contains his statue in bronze, with his own memorable words, "If God's word, it will endure; but if man's work, it will perish." Just outside of the walls of the city grows an oak-tree on the spot where he burned the Pope's bull which had excommunicated him. In the old church, on the doors of which he placed his memorable theses, lie Luther and Melancthon, buried side by side. Their coffins are in vaults, so that they can be shown to the curious visitor.

Leaving this spot for Frankfort-on-the-Main, we are in the birthplace of the immortal Goethe. Here every thing reminds us of this brilliant genius. His residence still bears the aristocratic appearance consonant with the character of his family, and looks like the home of wealth and plenty. Looking on this comfortable mansion, it is easy to conceive the anger of Goethe's father, on discovering his love for Gretchen, as he called his Margaret, who since forms the celebrated character in his great tragedy of Faust. Margaret's crime was her poverty and her humble position in the world; but young Goethe in love was not the aristocratic Goethe of the court of Weimar. He found in Margaret the blossom of innocence and the grace of simplicity; and I have more than once stood on the old corner, where Goethe used to have his secret interviews, and wondered why two such characters as these are permitted to live only in history and story. She was to Goethe as the fragrance of a sweet flower, and, like the half-blooming rose, promised him a future full of ecstasy and joy; but the dew-drops sparkle on the leaves of the rose, and it sinks leafless to the ground, and the tears appear on the cheek of Margaret, and her sorrow becomes as bitter as her joys were exquisite. Goethe does

more justice to Margaret in Faust than he did to his Margaret in Frankfurt; for, after a little contention with his father, he saw Margaret no more; and a change in circumstances soon presented him with another object that he loved as warmly, and that received no other reward than that of immortality in his works.

The scene of Goethe's greatest activity was Weimar; and here he enjoyed the company of his friend Schiller, at the court of the Princess Amalia. I know no more striking monument of the difference of character in these two great men, than their respective residences in Weimar, which are in good preservation, and shown to the stranger. From the direction given me at my hotel, I easily found the house of Goethe—a massive building standing almost alone, with a lordly mien, and a pompous inscription on a marble slab set into the wall of the house: "Here lived and died Johann Wolfgang von Goethe," followed by dates, etc. I next went in search of the residence of Schiller, which I found with more difficulty, on account of its being overawed by the larger houses around it. It is a little, two-story house, with but four windows, and extremely plain. Over the door is the simple inscription, "Schiller's House." Here lived and died the author of *Don Carlos* and *Wallenstein*. Schiller, even at the court of Weimar, was the plain, humble man that he was during life. He is essentially the poet of the German people, and appreciated and comprehended by the masses infinitely more than Goethe. Schiller and Goethe lie side by side in the vault of the graveyard of Weimar; and no lover of the German character and German literature passes through the city without making a pilgrimage to their last resting-place. However different their tenements during life, their habitations are now alike—their coffins resemble each other, and each bears a simple inscription: Goethe—Schiller.

On the banks of the Rhine the nation has raised monuments to geniuses of a different order, but not less brilliant in their greatness. The city of Bonn is proud of its Beethoven, and Mayence points to Gutenberg, and claims the birth of the art preservative of all arts. If we wander over toward the banks of the Danube, Mozart's spirit greets us at Salzburg, and his memory and his statue are the glory of that quaint old city.

On the banks of the Danube is the grand temple dedicated to national glory, containing the statues of nearly all the illustrious men of the father-land. It is the temple of the German muses—the Walhalla—in imitation of the Grecian Parthenon. It is the idea and creation of King Louis, of Bavaria, and to his honor it will live in the annals of art, however his name may figure on the pages of history. The Walhalla is built on a lofty eminence, and is seen for miles in winding down the Danube. It stands on its proud cliff like a lofty sentinel, and its marble heroes and patriots, from Herman to Goethe, seem to watch over the nation whose greatness reclines on their deeds. The Danube is a no-

ble stream, and worthy of this modern Parthenon; and we will leave its much-sung rival, the Rhine, and take an excursion down its shores.

After passing Ratisbon, near the Walhalla, the Danube winds through romantic and picturesque scenery; and the wild and thinly-populated shores are ever and anon dotted with a ruined castle, or some immense monastery. At times the river contracts suddenly and rushes through wild gorges, and the current is always rapid and the stream angry. The most celebrated spot on the Danube is a species of Scylla and Charybdis, among whose furies I happened to be the witness of a most exciting scene. The passage of the river is suddenly stopped by a rocky island, just at a spot where it is almost pent up, and makes a very sudden bend. This island is little more than a high granite rock which divides the stream, that has no other alternative than to rush and roar through the two arms. One side is too shallow for a boat to pass, and the mouth of the other side is impeded by small reefs of rocks. Over these the river tosses and boils for about a hundred feet. Even the steamer here moans and struggles, and the planks creak at every joint. The majority of boats, however, descending the river, are flatboats or rafts of timber, and while struggling in the rapids, require a most careful and skillful man at the rudder. This Scylla is scarcely passed before we enter a real Charybdis, in the form of a powerful whirlpool, whose jaws are open to swallow the boat that does not keep the proper direction in coming over the rapids. I was descending the Danube in a steamer, and approaching the rapids. We had scarcely reached the bend, when, standing on the bow of the boat to watch the fury of the stream, I perceived a flatboat loaded with timber, struggling fearfully in the whirlpool, and evidently being swallowed up by its force. The water was boiling and foaming, and the crew, consisting of six men, were hurrying to and fro in the greatest excitement, vainly trying to use their oars. They were lost, and we could not approach them in our steamer without risking a similar fate, our safety consisting in our ability, with steam, to keep out of the main current. The moment their danger was perceived from the shore a canoe of a very curious construction, to battle with the eddies of the pool, came to their rescue, and succeeded in saving them just as the water was rushing over the deck. During this scene all on our vessel was breathless silence—the agony of suspense. The moment they were saved some of us burst out into a shout of exultation, and others began a prayer in praise to the Virgin, for their rescue. This is one of the most dreaded and dangerous spots on the Danube, and is wound up with legends and superstitions of the most singular kind. Many of the peasants of the Danube are said to consider it the road to the infernal regions; and certain it is, that it has swallowed up the hopes of many of them with its terrific jaws. For some distance before it is reached crucifixes and figures of the Virgin

are fixed on the projecting rocks of the banks, and the boatmen seldom approach it without muttering a prayer for their preservation. On the rock which forms the island is a large crucifix and a Madonna, to which they pray in passing through. As soon as they have passed the whirlpool, a small boat leaves the bank, bearing an image of the Virgin on its prow, and accosts all that pass safely through for alms for the preservation and assistance of those who are unfortunate. This is, of course, always given, and in this way a guard-house, sentinel, rowers, and boats, for rescuing those in danger, are always there. St. Nicholas is the especial saint who presides over the destinies of those who venture on such dangers, and every thing pertaining to the preservation of the unfortunate is dedicated to him, who also receives a portion of their prayers.

The peasants and boatmen of the vicinity sing the following beautiful vesper hymn to the Virgin of the Danube:

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;  
Ave Maria! day is declining;  
Safety and innocence fly with the light;  
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;  
From the fall of the shade till the matin shall chime,  
Shield us from dangers and save us from crime.  
Ave Maria!  
Hear us.

Ave Maria! hear when we call,  
Mother to him who was brother to all;  
Feeble and failing, we trust in thy might;  
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light!  
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,  
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns!

Ave Maria!  
Hear us."

The peasants of Germany, especially of the distant and Catholic provinces, are still victims to the strongest superstition. This arises partly from the thousands of legends, romantic or terrible, that crowd around every spot, favored by nature with some peculiar class of scenery or phenomena, whether beautiful and soothing, or wild and exciting.

Among many incidents of this nature which came under my notice, none left a more vivid impression than a curious adventure in one of the provinces of Austria. A railroad had been constructed through it, and the trial trip was to be made with an American locomotive. Some fifty invited guests—including officers of the government and road—composed the party, and we started off in high glee to penetrate the wilds of Styria for the first time with steam. The peasants far and near had heard of the wonderful fire-dragon, and collected in great numbers to see the monster. On stopping at the first station, on the borders of Carinthia, the chief engineer was accosted by two Capuchin monks, who requested the privilege to travel with us. On announcing to them that it was an invited company, and they could not be admitted, they remarked, that it would be well to take them to pacify the peasants of the province we were about to enter. This, of course, led to an

explanation on their side, and we gathered the following curious information. The peasants had heard that the ferocious, snorting, fire and smoke-spitting, screaming, screeching, whistling, whizzing fire-dragon was about to invade their hitherto peaceful province, and in the accounts of its performances, true and exaggerated, they very naturally connected some supernatural idea with its existence. Some wisacre among them had suggested that to perform such wonders it must be possessed of a devil. Thus, by the time the locomotive made its first trip, they had worked up their imaginations into a truly-characteristic story, for all the world like one of their wild and ghostly legends; namely, some of them imagined that a man whose soul was sold to the devil, was put into the engine, and the writhing agony of his torments caused it to fly, spitting fire and smoke. Some of them, however, conceived that such superhuman exertions could not last long, and were convinced that one trip was sufficient to cause the raving soul to leave the torments of this world for those of another. In this way a new man would be required every trip, and railroads would become nothing less than joint stock associations to sell men's souls to the devil. This idea was of course revolting to the Carinthian peasants, and the old Capuchin monks seemed to think that their presence, as upright men of God, would dissipate this wild illusion, and conciliate their feelings. They accordingly entered the cars, and we proceeded to the next station. As usual, the peasants here crowded around the engine, looking with evident apprehension at its suspicious-looking limbs. In this moment the engineer sprang on the platform, and let the steam-whistle give one grand, terrific scream. The consternation produced beggars description—men, women, children, horses, colts, cows, and calves in one supreme confusion, pell-mell among each other, fled as if the evil spirit had left the engine and entered them. It is needless to say that we were not molested, and that the peasants soon became reconciled to the performances of the fire-dragon, especially as the jolly fat old monks did not hesitate to ride with us, did not refuse to partake of the sumptuous banquet prepared for our arrival, and did not drink less wine and crack less jokes than the majority of a very jolly party.

If the subject of politics and government in the father-land were not one of such confusion that even the thread of an Ariadne would not lead the inquirer out of the Babel-like labyrinth, it would afford me much pleasure to treat of it in general terms; but it would require a full hour to give the merest idea of things in this field, and then I should not have made myself intelligible. I humbly acknowledge that I consider the politics, the geography, and the philosophy of Germany, as three riddles that require German patience to examine, and that none but German acumen can solve. In the father-land the social feelings throw a shade over every movement, and encircle almost

every enterprise. The remark is a homely one, but I make it in the best of feeling. I believe that the Germans would be more successful as politicians if they were less fond of beer. Not that I would accuse them of excess in the use of stimulants; far from it; there is less of that in Germany than in this country; but I wish to say that this exuberance of social feeling presses itself into occasions where acting would be far more desirable than talking. I was once present at a session of one of the radical revolutionary clubs of Berlin. They were discussing the fiery question of *republic versus monarchy*—the guillotine for the crowned heads on one side, or execution, the galleys, and the chain-gang for the radicals on the other. This was discussed in such cool blood, that the President was sipping a mug of beer that he had on his desk beside him, and the speakers were frequently interrupted by the servants moving about to supply various members of the club with fresh mugs of beer. At Frankfort-on-the-Main, during the first months of the sittings of the German Parliament, the people were actively engaged in the evenings in discussing various questions of great political interest—generally those that were before Parliament during the day. Among others there was a select club, known by the poetical name of the Monday Garland, from the fact of its meetings taking place on Monday evening. The name would indicate a chess-club, or whist club, or, if you please, a glee club, or any other kind of club rather than a club radical in politics, and waging war against the government.

The Monday Garland is, however, a club of some considerable reputation in Germany, and is supposed to have exerted some influence in Frankfort; and I felt quite flattered on receiving, from one of the members, a card of invitation to be present at one of its sittings. The subject to be discussed was the propriety of admitting the great German patriot, Frederick Hecker, to a seat in Parliament, after his endeavor to overthrow the government and proclaim the republic. The invitation was at a very early hour, so that it interfered with the ordinary hour of tea, or, rather, for Germany, of supper. I went accordingly, and, to my surprise, found a large saloon, filled with rows of tables extending from one end to the other, and covered with table-cloths, with evident preparations for something good to eat. The members were soon there in numbers, and the evening's exercises commenced with a polite question from my friend as to whether I would take veal cutlet, pork, or mutton-chop, or would prefer my national dish of beefsteak, and the same inquiry as to beverage—would I take wine or beer? Determining to be a genuine German, I chose veal cutlet and beer. We were all seated, and very soon discussing the good things of this world, when presently an enormous bell rung, and the President announced that a member would open the debate on the Hecker question, which was then before the club. The gentleman spoke well and feelingly for about ten minutes, and then we commenced eating

again, and discussing the remarks which he had made. After about ten minutes' pause another gentleman mounted the rostrum, and spoke about the same length of time. We now had some more beer and wine, lit cigars and pipes, and discussed his speech. Again another commenced, and in this way we spent about two hours. Finally, the question was put to the club, and it was decided that it was premature to discuss the question, it being one calculated to produce animosity and bitter feeling among the various classes of society.

My private opinion was, that, if no one had any more bitter feeling than evinced by the members of the club over the steaks, cutlets, pipes, and beer, that there was not much danger of a very radical change in the government. I am sorry to say that the sequel has proved the truth of my conclusions.

I do the Germans no injustice in this description. They see their own errors, but unfortunately let things remain without any great change. Indeed, in some parts of the country it is more easy to start a beer rebellion than any other kind. This is especially the case in Munich, where beer is drunk to an enormous extent. The Bavarian government raises no inconsiderable portion of its revenue by the tax on beer, which is sold miraculously cheap, and, I had almost said, is miraculously good. The price is slightly variable, according to circumstances, but it is dangerous to let it rise too high—the people revolt. A rise of half a cent on a quart of beer will set all Munich into a fermentation, which, if not checked by a deduction, will break out into open hostilities, and end by a general attack on breweries and beer-houses. What is peculiar about this is the fact, that when the question is one of beer the government can not count on the support of the soldiers; for they are always with the people, being quite as fond of beer as those who do not wear uniform, and not being any more willing to pay a high price for it. If the question be one of politics, the soldiers are too apt to desert their former companions, and stand on the side of the government. The consequence is, that the Bavarian government makes every effort to provide the people with cheap beer, if it even be at the loss or ruin of the brewers.

The amount of beer which some persons thus learn to drink is so enormous that I almost fear to tell you the truth, lest I might be suspected of exaggeration. There are many persons who will drink twelve mugs in an evening. Indeed, this is not considered so very excessive.

But I do not wish to do injustice to my friends. The habit of beer-drinking is entwined with many of the most beautiful social customs of the fatherland, and even it has its sentimental side. The German student is passionately fond of a genuine mug of beer, and I have even heard the question debated, with mirth and humor, in a classical club, as to whether German beer is *not* the pure nectar drunk by Jupiter and his brother gods, as told by Homer. The German student, with no other com-

panion than his well-filled pipe and mug, will pore for hours over the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, the pandects of Justinian, or the mystifications of Kant and Fichte.

What we call college chums always go through a regular process to become so; when the student finds a congenial spirit, he offers to drink a brotherhood with him, and they then address each other with "*thou*" instead of "*you*," and frequently remain friends for life. In drinking a brotherhood they lock arms, and drink a mug of beer with hands thus crossed, as a sign of eternal friendship and fidelity. And they remain so faithful to each other that an injustice done to one is an injustice done to all. German truth—as they term fidelity—is a watchword among all classes; and they frequently sacrifice worldly advantages to their devotion to a friend or a cause.

Germany is frequently called—and with perfect justness—a nation of thinkers; but it is alike a nation of sentiment, and the finer feelings of the heart are no where so studiously cultivated as here. This cultivation runs into every-day intercourse, and is the charming accompaniment of life in all its phases. Allow me to allude to one custom that I think beautiful, and I speak seriously, although I know you will smile. It would be ungenerous to condemn till you hear my story. It is the custom of kissing! I am well aware that this custom is not confined to Germany; but in no country is it so entwined with the relations of respect, friendship, and love, as in the father-land. We unconsciously feel, in this country, that there is something unmanly in giving way to the finer feelings of the heart, and a tear and a kiss are considered as the especial attributes of women; but I contend that both are holy. He whose bitter sorrow can not find consolation in a tear, knows one less of the powers of heaven, and he whose very heart would not impress the fervent, unimpassioned kiss on the cheek of a long-absent mother or beloved sister, knows not the depth of a mother's and a sister's love. We call it superstition when the German peasant kisses the feet of the image of our Savior, or the Virgin Mary; but call it by what name we will, it is a holy devotion to their faith, and too often, alas! their only consolation. I have seen many painfully-pleasing scenes of this nature. I say painful, because I would that it were otherwise; I say pleasing, because it fills up a void in their nature and gives them a hope that I would not rob them of in their worldly destitution, without I felt it my conviction that I could give them as lasting an equivalent, and as consoling a sheet anchor for the stormy ocean of life. In passing through German villages, I have frequently been stopped by the school-children running up and kissing my hand, supposing me a teacher, or some one else, whom they are taught to treat with this mark of respect; and these are especially the children of the poorer classes. In no country is the respect of the young to the old so thoroughly taught and enforced as in Germany. Children, in rising from their meal, kiss and thank their parents

before leaving the table. Good-night is always preceded by a kiss, and the same follows a good-morning. In southern Germany the servants all kiss your hand when you first appear in the morning, and always express their thanks by a kiss of the hand. Gentlemen on entering a drawing-room kiss the hands of the married ladies, and say, "*I kiss your hand*" to the younger ones. Intimate friends among gentlemen always kiss each other when they meet, whether it be in private or in the street. On the borders of Poland, where Polish customs prevail, gentlemen embrace on meeting, and kiss each other's shoulders, while their intimate acquaintances, among the ladies, are *kissed* by them on the forehead. Finally, the ladies—I beg pardon for having neglected them thus far—also indulge in the custom of kissing; but I confess myself unable to do justice to the various shades of the art among the fair sex. One of their peculiarities, however, I may be permitted to mention. It is said, that the ladies of the land of sentiment and song give *one* kiss, and a most important one for their happiness, in a manner so half whispering, half fluttering, that it is difficult to tell the shade of difference between it and "yes." I do not know, indeed, that close observation would not prove the same state of things among us, but I leave this subject for more skillful or more favored investigators.

From the harmony of the affections there is a natural transition to the harmony of sweet sounds. Germany is pre-eminently the country of music. Every village has its "Garland of Song," as they poetically term their singing clubs, and every valley has its peculiar melody. I know no greater pleasure than the music in the Tyrol and Styria, when young and old gather at the tolling of the vesper bell, to repose from the labors of the day and sing their peculiar strains. Nearly every family seems to have a glee-club within itself, and on Saturday evening scarcely a house is without its musical Garland. The peculiar style of singing called "Yodling" is at home in Styria, the Tyrol, and Switzerland, and is especially the enlivener of the labors of the harvest. Music is taught in all the elementary schools of the entire country, and the very infants sing the sacred songs of Luther with a feeling of devotion which impresses so deeply that they love them from the cradle to the grave.

No German festival is thought of without extensive preparations for musical entertainment, and every place of summer resort, if it be but the humble beer-garden, has its band. Many of the ruins of the feudal castles are thus used during the summer months, and nothing is more common than an afternoon's excursion to some neighboring ruin, to listen to national melodies resounding through their old walls, and quaff the pure juice of the grape that grows on the adjacent hills. At times, singing festivals are arranged, which combine all the talent of the surrounding country. The sweet singers of some city send a greeting to the brother singers of all the cities for hundreds of miles around,

and invite them to meet at a certain period at a general festival. The invited cities send their singing garlands as delegates to represent them, and each garland has its place assigned to it, and a time for its performance, as well as its part in the grander performance where all the various garlands join to execute some celebrated piece of an old master. These festivals sometimes last three days, and cause a general holiday throughout the country—the Olympian games of the father-land.

Once a year at Vienna they have splendid concerts of one thousand performers; and at one of these I heard the entire oratorio of the Creation, in a building containing four thousand people—one thousand performers and three thousand in the audience. Their great precision on such occasions is truly remarkable, and the effect overwhelming. The passage in the Creation, "*Let there be light!*" was given with a musical effect beyond all conception grand. A new opera is also the theme of every conversation, and a new *prima donna* attracts all eyes. During my residence in Vienna, the Swedish Nightingale celebrated the greatest triumph of her career; namely, that which placed her before the musical world as the sweetest singer of the present day. Meyerbeer, the great composer, had been working for some time on an opera expressly for Jenny Lind, and adapting it to her peculiar powers. The long looked-for day of the first representation of the Camp of Silesia finally arrived, and it was announced that Meyerbeer would direct the orchestra in person. This capped the climax of expectation—Meyerbeer directing his own opera, with Jenny Lind on the stage, was quite enough to turn the heads of all Vienna. I need hardly say that such was the rush that the Emperor himself could scarcely get into the house, and when the curtain rose Meyerbeer and Jenny appeared amid rounds of applause. The first notes of the Nightingale of the north were so exquisitely sweet and powerful that the house was held as by a spell. About the middle of the opera the grand test of her powers was exhibited. Jenny, attired as a peasant girl, was looking from a window, listening to the sweet strains of the flute of her lover, who was serenading her from her garden below. In a few moments it was discovered that the lover's instrument was silent. The apparent strains from the flute were nothing less than Jenny's voice; and so perfect was the illusion that the audience could scarcely believe it not to be the flute; but when all doubts had vanished the house was in an ecstasy of joy, and the fame of the Swedish Nightingale soared to the theatrical firmament to take its place among the most brilliant of the galaxy. A second season in Vienna fixed her fame, and she shortly after made her triumphal appearance to a London audience, and filled her coffers with English gold.

Far be it from me to detract from the land of Tell, the beauties of dell and vale, the charming sweetness of its thousand hills, and the magnificent grandeur of its Alpine passes. I have spent many

hours among them that I can never forget. I have wandered among the elevated peaks of the range of Mont Blanc—have lingered among the beauties of the St. Gothard, and shared the hospitalities of the monks of St. Bernard, glad to seek protection from the pitiless pelting of the driving snow. But these spots have formed the theme of story and song till they are as familiar as household words, and I shall leave them for rival scenes that have scarcely been noticed by the legion of travelers, for the simple reason that they lie in lands less visited by the general tourist.

The Passes of the Simplon, St. Gothard, and St. Bernard, are considered the loftiest of the Alps; but this is an error. The Stelvio Pass, connecting Lombardy with the Tyrol and Upper Austria, is far superior to these; and I would be happy were I able to do justice to these sublime beauties. In traveling, I am fond of romance; but the passage of the Stelvio filled my cup too generously.

I had been spending some time on the borders of the Lake of Como, enjoying all the pleasures of an Italian spring in this fairy haunt of nature and home of the nightingale and the olive. I determined to wend my way toward the Danube, by crossing the Stelvio Pass into the Tyrol, and thus to the country of Upper Austria. The summit of the Pass is nearly one thousand feet above the region of perpetual snow, and the passage is seldom practicable except in the months of July and August. I was there in May, and on applying to the director of the road was politely informed that I must be rather silly to expect a passage of the Stelvio at such a period, especially as the spring was backward. He informed me that no one had been over the Pass for several weeks, but that he proposed crossing on a tour of inspection, and if I chose I might join him, although he advised me not to do so. Nothing daunted, I felt that I could go if he could, and resolved to accompany him. Accordingly, we set out from the Lake of Como for the antique old town of Bormio, at the base of the Italian side of the Pass. We arrived there at mid-day, and were informed by the local inspector, that the road was impassable on account of the softness of the snow from a warm sun. The only hope was to wait till midnight in expectation that the snow would harden sufficiently to bear us and our horses. I retired early, and at eleven o'clock was aroused by the director, who had resolved on starting. We entered the post-coach, and ascended for an hour, winding and turning in zig-zag to reduce the steepness of the road.

The grand object of this immense work is to keep a connection between the Tyrol and Lombardy, so as to insure to Austria the means of pouring German troops into Lombardy in case of insurrection. It was carried out by the government, finished in 1835, and is known as the military road, those employed on it being under military discipline. The summit of the Pass is about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea—is nearly half a mile perpen-

dicularly higher than the Simplon, and one thousand feet perpendicular above the great St. Bernard. It was built at an expense of one million and a half of dollars.

The design is without a parallel for boldness, and the execution is remarkable for its great height and seemingly-unconquerable difficulties. Terraces are formed on the sides of the mountain, galleries built on the very edge of the precipice, and bridges thrown over ravines, the whole forming a stupendous work, and a lasting memorial of human industry and ingenuity. The ravages of the winter storms are fearful, and the disappearance of the snow in the spring discloses a scene of desolation and destruction. The avalanches have torn away galleries, large tracts of the road are broken or swept away, and other parts covered with fallen rocks and masses of earth. The expense of keeping the road in order is about ten thousand dollars yearly. The object of our expedition was a tour of inspection, and you may therefore imagine that the road was not in perfect order.

After an hour's journeying in our coach, we arrived at the first house of refuge, and found snow and all the preparations to meet it. About five sleds were brought out, not more than three or four feet in length, and just wide enough to sit in, although extremely cramped. One of these was assigned to me, together with three mountaineers, one at my horse's head, and two behind my sled. The inspectors and some other officers occupied the others, and thus our Alpine caravan, with about twenty roadmen or mountaineers, armed with spades and pickaxes, started from the cantoniera, or house of refuge, and commenced the ascent in earnest. Scarcely had we left the house when I discovered that we were on the borders of a savage gorge, whose rocky sides were nearly vertical, and the snow about thirty feet deep on the road, the latter so filled up that we had little more than three feet of road to travel on. And now I perceived that the two men behind my sled were placed there to keep it from going over the precipice; and the very possibility of such an occurrence made me feel uncomfortable. Suddenly my horse made a misstep, and his foot slipped in the snow over toward the side of the precipice. My guides held on to him and me, but I began to repent the rashness of my undertaking. In a few minutes my horse slipped again, and still worse, and I sprung from the sled into the snow, my Italian guides crying out, "*Stia comodo,*" which is about the same as Paddy's "*Be easy, sir;*" and the more they found it necessary to cry "*Be easy,*" the more I felt like being uneasy, till finally I resolved not to enter the sled again, preferring my feet and climbing-pole to my horse. The director now gave me a half dozen guides, with spades and pick-axes, and we marched on ahead, to make our way in advance of the train.

After a short tramp we came to a spot where the road was completely filled up with an avalanche, and our spades, etc., were very useful in making us

a passage across, in the form of steps cut in the snow. In this way we overcame one obstacle after another, till the first rays of dawn showed us that we were approaching the summit. On the very summit stands a massive stone house, inhabited by an inspector of the road and his family. This, and not the monastery of St. Bernard, is the highest permanent human habitation on the European continent. Long before we reached the summit we were discovered by the inspector, who watches the distance with his glass as does the mariner his fellow-sailors. When we arrived we found a hearty reception in the shape of the best of cheer, of which we were indeed in need. The view from this point was inconceivably grand. The summit of the Pass, quite level for some distance, was covered with immense snow-fields as far as the eye could reach. To heighten the beauty of these, the sun rose in all his glory, in an atmosphere as pure as the spotless snow, which seemed to blush as kissed by his morning rays. The view that now enchants the beholder is certainly unparalleled in the Alps. Peak rises on peak, and mountain after mountain, as far as the eye can reach, and towering over all is the magnificent Ortler peak, nearly fourteen thousand, five hundred feet above the level of the sea. There is one spot on the descent where the entire height of this monarch of the Tyrol is seen from top to bottom, and the fringes of subordinate peaks that terrace his sides, seem like ivy clinging round the oak, and, with their glaciers streaming into the deep gorge below, form a picture inconceivably grand.

But we were obliged to hurry away from these sublime beauties in order to commence the descent as soon as possible, to avoid the dangers of the avalanches which commence falling about midday, when the snow is weakened by the warmth of a spring sun. For a few minutes we trotted gayly over snow-fields, hard enough to bear our horses, and then commenced the descent, which is much steeper on the Tyrolese than the Italian side, there being nearly fifty turns or zig-zags in a very short distance, which overcome the steepness so much, that the declivity is not at all dangerous or difficult in favorable weather or a good state of the road. We, however, had immense snow-drifts to contend with, and at times the galleries were so buried that we passed through perfect snow-tunnels of immense length. In leaving these the sudden turns of the road were sometimes so abrupt and unexpected, that my horse could scarcely prevent himself from springing off of the precipice into the chasms below. This was a repetition of the pleasures of the previous night, and, as I commenced to make similar demonstrations, my driver tantalized me with his "*Stia comodo,*" as if it were a perfectly-natural affair to be easy under such circumstances. Unfortunately for us, the snow soon became so soft that our horses sunk in up to their bodies, and we were completely snow-bound. At this moment a number of Tyrolese roadmen arrived from the base and increased our party to forty. One strong,

good-natured fellow took compassion on me, and jumping into the shafts of my sled, made a fair start toward pulling me down the mountain; but this work was a little too laborious, when another offered to take me on his back. I tried this for a few minutes, when we both sunk in together, so that we were both obliged to part company, and I to navigate my own vessel. The genuine mountaineers have a capital way of making steep descents, on smooth snow, to avoid zig-zags; they leave the route entirely, and alide down the sides of the mountain to the next stopping-place, thus often cutting off a mile in a few minutes. The plan is simply this: they wear breeches of thick, polished leather, impermeable to water. When they sit down on the snow, this leather takes the place of the runners of a portable sled, and they guide themselves with poles as the Indian paddles his canoe. In a fit of desperation I took passage behind one of these mountaineers, sitting, of course, flat on the snow. As the runners of my sled were of cloth, while his were of leather, I got by far the worst of the bargain; and my predicament at the end of my voyage made me sadly repent that I had taken passage with this sailor of the Alps. However, after scores of hair-breadth escapes, alarms at the avalanches—several of which fell within sight—and snow and ice-water adventures, we arrived safely at the base of the mountain, where I was happy to find a Tyrolese welcome in a comfortable inn, and hear the ruddy lasses chatter their sympathies in German, instead of the vexing "*Stia comodo*" of my Italian guides.

The green hills of Tyrol had not yet appeared, but the endless peaks with bare and angry-looking rocks, staring at each other out of masses of the purest snow, contrasted strongly with the verdure of the mountain forests; and the sad and melancholy-looking glaciers seemed as if their undulating bosoms were heaving with a sea of troubles. Having taken a last look at the Stelvio, and the Ortler, and bid adieu to my friend, the director, who had laughed heartily at my trials and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, I turned my steps through the main valley of the Tyrol to Styria and Upper Austria.

Few countries compare in beauty and diversity of scenery to the Tyrolese and Styrian highlands. Tourists have too generally confined their Alpine trips to the mountains of Switzerland, and, like the Italian in his proverb, "*See Naples, and then die*," so do the most travelers, in searching for the sublime and beautiful in nature, consider that a visit to Mont Blanc and the valley of Chamouni, absolves them from all other obligations, and signs and seals their diploma. Far be it from me to say an unfriendly word to the monarch of the Alps, and his fair consort, the queen of vales; but in rendering them due justice, it may not be treason to say, that the Tyrolese and Styrian highlands abound in mountains whose altitudes are as imposing, and in valleys whose meadows and trees

are quite as verdant, as those in the land of the Swiss.

The Gross-Glockner is a lofty pyramidal peak of the Noric Alps, rising to an elevation of thirteen thousand feet. Its ascent is a dangerous and difficult undertaking, requiring stout hearts, strong limbs, Alpine poles, hatchets, pick-axes, ropes, eye-screens, and three long, fatiguing days. Its principal glacier is an ice-ocean twelve miles in length—sharp as a pyramid, wide-spread and imposing, and in beauty not a whit behind the far-famed Mer de Glace of Chamouni.

"*The Vale of Holy Blood*" is the Styrian Chamouni. It takes its name from a vial of the holy blood of our Savior preserved here since the thirteenth century, at which period the returning crusaders brought it from the Holy Land, and placed it in the old Gothic church half way up the mountain, which has been standing there for centuries—a faithful guardian of "*the Vale of Holy Blood*." Those who are acquainted with the German character will surely exclaim, "This is the spot for a host of legends; and I might linger here for hours in telling you pathetic tales of hard-hearted knights and tender-hearted ladies, of true devotion and base desertion, and all other stumbling-blocks that go to prove that the path of true love never did run smooth; but I prefer to tell you a story that will prove that truth is stranger than fiction; and I do it so much the more willingly as I can point to the lord and lady who have traveled the rugged path of this heartless world's ups and downs, and still live to enjoy the happy recollections of earlier times.

Styria is the home of the chamois-hunter, and every one who visits the land is expected to try a chamois hunt, as one of its peculiar pleasures. I was not willing to be behind the age, but delicacy forbids me to tell you the number of graceful chamois that fell a victim to my weapon. I would rather tell you my story as it was told to me while returning from the hunt. The Archduke John, of Styria, late regent of the Germanic empire that was to be, is the first chamois-hunter of the country, and frequently spends days in roaming over the mountains of his native land in search of his favorite game. His attire during these excursions, is that of the simple hunter, and he is emphatically one of the people, and loved by his fellow-hunters on account of his democratic manners and friendly character. Some years ago he extended his hunt to quite a distance from home, and determined to return rapidly by post. About nine o'clock of a dark, stormy night, he arrived at the village of Aussee, and demanded an immediate change of horses to proceed with all haste to the next station. The poor postmaster was exceedingly alarmed at the unexpected arrival of his Imperial Highness, and the village inn was a scene of great confusion. The horses were there, but there was no postillion on the station, contrary to law. And now comes the heroine of our story. The old postmaster had

a jewel of a daughter, whose activity and business tact in taking care of the affairs of her old father had procured her the name, far and near, of the *postmaster Nannie*. Nannie was determined that the Archduke should not know their embarrassment, and hastily disguising herself in the uniform of a German postillion, threw the horn around her neck, jumped on the leading horse according to German custom, and, at the signal "*All ready*," galloped off in fine style, blowing the postillion's horn like an old stager. The Archduke was snugly housed inside of the coach, without the remotest idea that the postmaster Nannie was thus hurrying him over hill and dale in the darkness of the night. Having arrived at the next station in excellent time, he rewarded his brave postillion with a friendly pat on the shoulder, and something more substantial in the way of coin, and started off with a fresh postillion for the next station. It soon became known in the neighborhood, that the postmaster Nannie had driven the Archduke John, and the novelty of the affair caused it to reach his ears. He was rather incredulous, and shortly afterward passing through the same village, he ordered the old postmaster to send him the postillion who had driven his carriage that night. The old man, after much stammering and hesitation, confessed the truth with no little fear as to the result. Nannie came, half blushing, half fearing, and was warmly received; her bright eye sparkled with the energy of her character, and her rosy cheeks and cherry lips told of blooming health, and conspired to attack the imperial cha-mois-hunter.

The Archduke was so well pleased with his postillion that he determined to have her educated, and, in order to remove her from the influence of the peasant life around her, placed her into a convent of pious sisters, and provided her with every means for improving her mind and refining her manners.

He frequently visited his protégé during this period, and finally declared his love, and made Nannie an honorable offer of his heart and hand. It is needless to say, that his affection was reciprocated, but Nannie's good sense begged him to forget her on account of the fathomless difference in their social positions. But he loved with the warm heart of German constancy, and not the gilded and jeweled one of the prince, and his affections were placed, now and forever, immovable as the rocky heights of his Alpine home.

But the hitherto smooth course of his romantic love was now destined to be rippled by the angry passions of ambition and imperial pride. The brother of the Archduke, then Emperor Francis the Second, heard of the intended marriage, and summoned John to appear before his throne. As absolute in his power, he forbade the bans, and nearly settled a curse on his brother's head for daring to dream of disgracing the house of Hapsburg by marrying the daughter of a village postmaster. The Archduke had the choice between the companion-

ship of his imperial relations and the brilliant court of Austria on the one hand, and Nannie's heart on the other. He weighed them in a balance; and for him there was more in the heart of a village lass than in all the hollow gewgaws of imperial pride. Nannie followed him to his mountain home, and was known to the Styrian hunters as the "*housekeeper Nannie*," it being impossible to marry her without imperial consent.

Time thus rolled on till the death of Francis in 1835, when his successor, another brother, fearing the popularity of the Archduke among the Styrian mountaineers, granted him the imperial privilege, and the "*housekeeper Nannie*" became the wife of the Archduke, with the title of the "*Baroness of Brandhof*." She was, however, neither recognized by court, nor admitted to court festivals. The Archduke provided a handsome house for her in Vienna, and on her visits to the capital she lived like a private lady; and the Archduke refused the hospitalities of the palace for his own home and Nannie. I have seen him show her and his children the sights of Vienna as destitute of ostentation as the private citizen.

This state of affairs made the Archduke extremely popular with the people; and when the flame of revolution blazed up in all parts of the father-land in the spring of 1848, all eyes were turned to him as the only prince in Germany who had any claims to their sympathy. He was made regent of the empire by the voice of the people; and in June, 1848, I saw him and the Baroness of Brandhof make their triumphal entry into the old imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, surrounded by a people drunk with enthusiasm. The maidens of the city, dressed in the robes of innocence, assembled to meet her and strew flowers on her path, and were proud to welcome her, not as the wife of the German regent, but as one of their own number, having a heart that could beat as theirs, because it was a heart reared in simplicity and innocence.

Among my most pleasing reminiscences of the father-land do I recollect the moment when the postmaster Nannie, leaning on the arm of her imperial husband, waved her thanks to the assembled multitude, and bade them live for their homes, their fire-side, and their country. The peasant girl had become the Queen of queens.

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BE JUST.

ALL are not just because they do no wrong;  
But he, who will not wrong me when he may,  
He is the truly just. I praise not those  
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not,  
But him, whose conscience spurns at secret fraud,  
When he might plunder and defy surprise.  
His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn  
On the false judgment of the partial herd,  
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares  
To be, not to be thought, an honest man.

CUMBERLAND.

## GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY MONSIEUR CONWAY.

GRAY'S Elegy has always been the most admired poem in the walks of English literature. It most eminently deserves the name of *verse*, in the proper signification of that too often abused word; for no where do we find stanzas more easily and gracefully turned. This is a *bonne bouche*—a delicate morsel in the mouth of every school-boy; and, in the language of another, "were every copy of it extant destroyed to-morrow, it might be reproduced in every quarter of the globe from the verbal recollection of individuals alone." Archbishop Whately holds that a poem is not translatable; yet wherever this Elegy has been translated it has been regarded as a model; and so it ever will be.

Signor Venturini, a man of eminent scholastic attainment, undertook, a few months since, to translate this poem into Hebrew. In making frequent reference to that most splendid *imitation* of Scripture, the Vulgate, he made a discovery which is most singular and striking. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard" is a compilation, both in word and illustration, of Scriptural sentences and forms of expression. We will select two of the most admired stanzas, and accompany them with the passages from the Vulgate, as arranged by Venturini.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

## VULGATE.

"*Dies ad occasum vergit. En sonitus tubæ,*" Jud. xix, 9.

"*Et agricola lassus agentes per turmas suas,*" Jer. xxxi, 24.

"*Oves et boves omnes ad præsepia sua,*" Psalm viii, 8.

"*Mundo mihi et tenebro sæ caligni relicto,*" Job x, 21.

## FOURTH VERSE.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

## VULGATE.

"*Prope ulmum et buxum semper virentem,*" Isa. xli, 19.

"*Sub acervis, qui apparent super pulverem agri,*" Hos. xi, 11.

"*Dormiunt somnum sempiternum quiescentes,*" Isa. li, 39.

"*Rusticani patres, timore malorum sub lato,*" Prov. i, 33.

The translator naturally puts forth the theory, that "Gray's Elegy is simply a collection and versification of passages in the Vulgate." A greater portion of the secular press dissent from this, and note it only as a very remarkable coincidence, and

one which should be reckoned as the greatest of the curiosities of literature. With these, however, we can not agree, and for reasons which we regard as valid, and shall state.

Gray had one remarkable turn of mind; which is a true sign of a poet. It was a keen perception of beautiful expression. If he read any fine poem, the wording and the simile were graven upon his mind; and when writing himself he was perpetually using the same. No poet has ever had so many charges of imitation brought against him as Gray, nor has any so subjected himself to them, unconsciously.

D'Israeli gives us a collection of Gray's imitations to the amount of no less than fifteen! which is probably more than can be ascribed to any writer who is above the charge of plagiarism. We shall only select one from the many.

Gray, in his "Ode to Spring," gives this striking expression:

"The Attic warbler pours her throat."

Mr. Wakefield, in his "Commentary," speaks of this diction as an imitation of two classic writers, a Greek and a Roman. D'Israeli, however, says of this invention of Wakefield: "This learned editor was little conversant with modern literature, notwithstanding his memorable editions of Gray and Pope. The expression is evidently borrowed, not from Hesiod nor from Lucretius, but from a brother at home:

"Is it for thee the linnet pours her throat?"

ESSAY ON MAN, EP. IV, V. 33.

Mr. Wakefield is extremely severe in his judgment on these imitations of the poet, with what reason we can not divine. We think it praiseworthy—certainly legitimate.

This, then, we think, shows clearly, that it was a habit of Gray to adopt the most striking metaphors and forms of diction from the writings of others. It shows obviously, too, that the sublimity and beauty of the Old Testament Scriptures led him to the design of composing a poem from its lofty ideas alone. None could ever have better appreciated its grand and poetical style.

What, then, are our reflections on finding out the truth? The world's model of poetical genius is, after all, the poetry of the BIBLE! The noblest creations of human fancy are but faulty aspirations toward the divine. The most glorious of ALL is that which borrows from the source of light.

"The word was God," said the beloved disciple; and four words never expressed more. All that we can conceive of God is what we find in his revelation. What is coeval with earth in its fame is from the eternal word. A great light it is: universal, though feeble in some, and intense in other portions of the globe. It shone on the old heathen world with a dim though welcome light. Their most beautiful institutes of mythology can be traced indirectly to the Bible. Plato borrowed from Moses when he theorized concerning the formation of earth, as did Berosus and Polyhistor. The fall of man and the serpent, the flood and the atonement,

are all remotely interwoven in the Pagan's creed. Fire from heaven burnt the sacrifices of Israel at the prayer of the prophet; the ancients turned the prophet into Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven. So was it with most of their beautiful fables.

William Cowper is a man of somewhat inferior genius, but his fame as a poet will spread with the light of Christianity; for his is the poetry of the Bible. He *knew* what was the fountain-head of poetry, as did Gray.

Lord Byron, when reveling in Cephalonia, acknowledged the superiority of holy writ. Hear him for a moment, and bear in mind *who* speaks:

"But, since we have spoken of witches, what think you of the witch of Endor? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch-scene that ever was written or conceived; and you will be of my opinion if you consider all the circumstances of the case, together with the gravity, simplicity, and dignity of the language." He then speaks of Goethe's Mephistopheles as the finest human conception on a similar subject, but represents it as inferior to the above, which he calls "inspired!" Speaking of Milton, Byron assents to Dr. Kennedy's opinion, who says thus: "It would be heresy to say I do not admire Milton; and in sober earnestness I admire his talents as a poet; but I have no pleasure in the greater part of his *Paradise Lost*. *The weakness of fiction is strikingly manifest to him who knows the simple majesty of divine truth.*"

We will conclude this article with the memorable and eloquent testimony of another infidel to the infinite superiority of the Bible. It is from the fascinating pen of J. Jean Rousseau:

"I will confess to you, that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and so sublime, should be merely the work of man? . . . Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the mark of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it; it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history than that one only should furnish the subject of it."

The reader will bear in mind that this is from the author of "Eloisa"—he who spent his life in attacking society by trying to shake its basis, the BIBLE. How many such would burst forth with Ezekiel's noble eulogy, did they speak their honest sentiments: "Thou art the standard of measures, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty!"

## THE STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

BY ARIEL.

"Death loves a shining mark."

It has been frequently remarked, that the wise and good are oftentimes cut down in early life, ere the bud of promised usefulness has expanded into sacred beauty. When we see the old man, whose life has been spent in the service of God, dropping into the grave as the ripened fruit falls from the tree, though we may mourn we wonder not;

"Nor deem that kindly Nature did him wrong,  
Softly to disengage the vital cord;  
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye  
Dim with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

But when we behold the young man, just commencing a useful and an honorable career, the hope of his family, the supporter of his parents' declining years, the joy of his friends, and an ornament to the Church, suddenly destroyed by death, as the tender bud is nipped by the untimely wind, we not only mourn—we *wonder*. It seems strange to us that God should take a man out of the world just as he is beginning to be useful in the world—strange that such hopes should be blighted, such prospects destroyed—strange that God would leave the aged parents to go down to the grave sorrowing, and the Church to suffer for want of laborers. Well might the apostle exclaim, "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

I was led into this train of thought by reflecting on the untimely death of a young friend, who had given to the Church expectations of great usefulness. Blessed with pious parents, and, consequently, early taught the way of salvation, T. gave his heart to God while yet a child. As he grew up toward manhood, and his mental powers were becoming gradually developed, it was evident that there lived within that clay tenement a mind of no ordinary stamp. Believing himself called of God to the office and work of the ministry, he commenced making diligent preparation for discharging the duties of that important station. During his first year at college he studied hard, frequently allowing the midnight hour to find him poring over the pages of classic lore, while nature urged him to give his aching brow some short respite. In consequence of this intense application during his sophomore year, his health began to fail, and it became apparent to all that, unless he obliged himself to relax his efforts, he would soon be numbered with the early dead. Acting on the advice of his friends, he left the University for a season, intending to travel for the benefit of his health. Shortly after this I removed from the place where his family resided, and heard no more of him, save occasionally that his health was improving a little, till one day a letter, directed by a strange hand, was brought into my study; and on opening it I ascertained, to my astonishment, that my friend was dead, and this was an invitation to attend the funeral.

I subsequently learned that his disease, which had been for a long time restrained by proper medical care, asserted its supremacy in an unexpected hour, and carried him to the arms of death. So suddenly was his earthly career brought to a close, that his friends scarcely had time to receive his dying blessing. But even at this trying hour he seemed to realize the only foundation on which the hope of heaven can be built, and faintly whispering, "JESUS LOVED ME," he calmly fell asleep.

At the appointed time I prepared to go to the house of mourning. It was a cold and stormy Sabbath in the month of September. The howling winds moaned and whistled through the tree-tops as though they would chant a funeral dirge; while the heavy rain-clouds hung over the earth like the solemn pall of death, and the face of nature seemed bathed in tears. The solemnity of the sacred day, the gloomy appearance of the weather, the droppings of the autumnal leaves as they fell one by one on the cold ground—fit emblems of mortality—together with the mournful circumstances which had called me from my home, all produced in my mind feelings of the most impressive nature.

On arriving at the family residence, I found gathered a large company of mourning friends, many of whom, like myself, had been intimately associated with the deceased. It was truly affecting to behold those who had so long been united in the Church, the Sunday school, and the Missionary Society, now assembled to discharge the last earthly duties to one of their number. It was, indeed, a solemn time. God had taken from us one of our most promising companions. Who could say that it would not be his turn next? Who, with these scenes before him, could now assure himself of long life? The warning voice seemed to say, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye *think not* the Son of man cometh."

In the midst of these reflections the comforting voice of the minister of Jesus was heard, directing the weeping family to the only source of consolation. He spoke of the mercies of God, even in affliction; the supporting power of divine grace; the comforting influences of the Holy Ghost; and beautifully alluded to the happy exchange which the departed spirit had made.

"When you shall hereafter speak of the departed loved one, do not say that he is in the distant village graveyard. No! Speak of him as one of the happy company of heaven. *He* is not dead. His body will return to the dust; but his spirit dwells with God. Then sorrow not, for ye have hope. This is not an everlasting separation. A few years at most will reunite you to him you loved."

At the conclusion of these remarks the words of the solemn burial service were uttered from the fullness of a feeling heart: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Then followed a deep and heart-thrilling silence, broken only by the sobs and cries of the bereaved ones. In a few moments these went to take a last look at the dead. I think I see them now, in all the desolation and bitterness of their grief. First come the aged parents: the father—his manly form bent over by the sorrows of his heart rather than the weight of years; the mother—the expression of whose countenance seems to be the mingling of grief and resignation. They stand and gaze at the corpse of their *ONLY SON*! How many hopes of future happiness have they built on his expected career of usefulness! How much have they anticipated receiving his filial attentions, when the infirmities of age shall shut them up from the busy scenes of life! And do their hopes lie buried here? It can not be that he is *dead*! No! It is a dream. The morning's dawn will dispel the vision, and they shall then see their beloved child alive and in health. *Yes; but not till the morning of the resurrection.* Then come the sisters, one by one, to the coffin-side. Ah! who can tell the fondness of a sister's love! Their very hearts were bound up in him—their only brother—and he is dead! They look upon that pallid face as if expecting it to lighten up with the fire of life. But no! the spark has been quenched in the cold waters of Jordan. Yet still they gaze, and sigh, and weep, and kiss the lifeless corpse, till some kind friend is obliged to tear them away.

Who could do aught else than sympathize with the bereaved family under such circumstances? There *was* sympathy there. It diffused itself throughout the assembly of friends. Every heart felt it. Every countenance manifested it. Each appeared as though he had lost a brother—an only brother.

In a little while the coffin was closed; we had seen "the last of earth."

As I retraced my steps homeward, I thought of the happy time when, at the trumpet's sound, the grave shall give up its dead—the *first* resurrection. What a joyful meeting! Families long separated shall then be united. Parents shall meet children; brothers shall meet sisters; friends shall meet friends; and the greatest joy of all will be, that the parting hand will never more be given. And shall we not then find that even our former afflictions lighten our happiness? Will not the fact, that we have separated for years from our loved ones give a greater zest to our joyful feelings when we meet them in heaven, than we should have if we had entered the dark tomb together? Do we not feel more joy at meeting a friend we have not seen before for years than we do at meeting one we saw but yesterday? Thus, methinks, will it be in the resurrection.

And then we shall doubtless see why God has taken from the Church so many useful, promising laborers. We shall see why Summerfield, Taylor, Emory, Fisk, and a host of others, have been removed from earth so soon. It may be because

there is danger of our thinking more of the creature than the Creator, or because God would have us know that he is independent of poor flesh and blood, and can carry on his work without our aid. And when the redeemed hosts of earth shall gather around the throne, when we shall look back on our earthly history, and review, by the light of eternity, all God's dealings with us, we will cast our crowns at Jesus' feet, and sing, "He doeth all things well."

## THE EMIGRANT'S LAY.

BY BENJAMIN PITMAN.

"Mistletoe Bough."

My dear native land—thus the emigrant sang,  
As she strayed on the banks where the Willammette  
ran—

My dear native land, I have bid you adieu!  
Yet the scenes of my childhood still rise to my view,  
With the green winding path of my earlier years,  
Now blooming with roses, now watered with tears;  
And I fly to my lovely lone valley once more,  
And the little white cot on my dear native shore.  
O, my far-distant home! O, my dear native home!

How oft in my dreams I am ranging again  
The woodland, and glen, and the flowery plain;  
Or musing beside the meandering brook,  
Where the gold-fish hides in his shadowy nook;  
Or am watching the sun as it sinks to rest,  
Like a wearied child on its mother's breast;  
Or gazing entranced on my own blue sky,  
While the moon in her beauty is smiling on high.  
O, my far-distant home! O, my dear native home!

I see the small spire pointing upward still  
From the little gray church on the brow of the hill,  
And listen again to its tinkling bell,  
Which in my childhood's day I loved so well;  
I am sitting again by the old stone hearth  
And blazing fire in the home of my birth;  
Or am kneeling beside the old arm-chair,  
And lisping again my evening prayer.  
O, my far-distant home! O, my dear native home!

My mother's soft hand rests again on my head,  
And I hear that kind voice which forever has fled;  
And my father has clasped me again to his breast,  
And my lips to sweet Effie's soft dimples are prest;  
And those fond household words sound again to my  
ears,

Till my eyes in their slumber are flowing with tears:  
But the vision departs at the dawning of day,  
And the dream of my childhood has vanished away.  
O, my far-distant home! O, my dear native home!

FAREWELL! my more than father-land!  
Home of my heart and friends, adieu!  
Ling'ring beside some foreign strand,  
How oft shall I remember you!

## WHO WAS MELCHISEDEK?

BY REV. J. FLOY, D. D.

THE father of the faithful, victorious over the four confederate kings who had plundered his nephew Lot, was met on his return by a mysterious personage called Melchisedek. Moses styles him the King of Salem, which is supposed by some to have been the ancient name of Jerusalem; as says David, "In Judah is God known, his name is great in Israel; in Salem also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion." Others are of the opinion, and St. Jerome was of the number, that the Salem here spoken of was the same as *Shalim*, a district of country through which Saul passed prior to his eventful meeting with the prophet Samuel. It is doubtful whether either of these opinions is correct; and it is a remarkable fact, to which I will just advert in passing, that Salem, famous as that word sounds to us, is never mentioned in the Bible but in connection with Melchisedek, save only in the passage from the Psalms which I have quoted.

Melchisedek was a priest also—a priest, says Moses, of the most high God. He met Abram, at the valley of Jehoshaphat, with bread and wine—whether for the mere purpose of refreshment is uncertain—and he said, "Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth: and blessed be the most high God, who hath delivered thine enemies into thine hand!" Then it is added: "And he [Abram] gave him tithes of all;" that is, the tenth part of the spoils taken from the confederate kings. And this is all that Moses tells us. It is, indeed, but a dim and shadowy outline. We have no account of Melchisedek's origin or ancestry, of his induction to the priestly office, of any peculiar duties performed by him as priest, or of his future history. We learn merely that he was of regal dignity, in the midst of idolaters a believer in the God of Abram, and a priest.

Were this all the light thrown upon his character by the pencil of inspiration, while we should have no right to find fault or to indulge in vain conjectures, we might mourn that so little had been revealed of one so exalted in station and in office; of one who towers aloft, in that early age, dignified and majestic; and who *blesses Abram*. Abram we know; but who art thou? The wonder had been less if he had blessed Melchisedek; for, as the apostle tells us, without all contradiction the *less* is blessed of the *better*; and the blessing of Abram was a thing to be desired. Long before this God had said, "I will make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing;" and when, a hundred and fifty years afterward, Isaac sent away his son Jacob to see him again no more till his dying hour, "God almighty," said he, "give unto thee the blessing of Abraham." But here it is Melchisedek who *confers*, and Abraham who *receives* the blessing.

Turning then to the New Testament, we seek

further light on the question: Who was Melchisedek? "Consider," says the apostle, "*how great this man was, unto whom even the patriarch Abraham gave the tenth of the spoils.*" With reference to the majesty and the mystery of his character, he adds to the information given by Moses, that he was, first, *by interpretation*, king of righteousness, and after that also King of Salem, *which is king of peace*. He tells us that he was, moreover, without father, without mother, without descent; having neither beginning of days nor end of life; but that he was made like unto the Son of God, and that *he abideth a priest continually*.

Can all these things be said of a mere human being? It must be admitted, that it requires no little ingenuity to explain this language on the hypothesis that Melchisedek was no more than a mortal man. Yet this is the generally-received opinion. Learned commentators explain all these things, possibly to their own satisfaction, and brand as absurd the idea that this King of Salem, which is, by interpretation, king of peace, was any thing more than a great and good man. They do not, indeed, pretend to account for the strange fact that so little is said of one who is presented to us as a greater than Abraham, or of the people among whom he exercised the priestly office. Were the subjects of this King believers in the God of Abram? or were they idolaters—Canaanites, filling up the measure of their iniquities, and doomed to destruction by God's chosen people? If the latter, to whom was Melchisedek a priest of the most high God? And how, among such a people, did he exercise the priestly office? These questions are unanswered on the hypothesis referred to; or, at most, a supposition is advanced, that there were among them believers in the true God—devout worshippers, to whom Melchisedek ministered. Strange, if it is so, that nothing more is said of them, and that in God's exterminating decree no exception is made in their favor.

Even less satisfactory is the interpretation usually given to the remarkable language of the apostle, that he was "without father and without mother." A very learned man—Suidas—tells us, that "because it would have been highly improper for him, who was the most righteous of men, to be joined in affinity to the most unrighteous of nations, he is said to be without father and without mother." On this statement, and it is, in substance, the one generally received, I merely remark, that it would have been far more satisfactory if the apostle, to whom the facts were unquestionably known, had himself thus explained his own meaning. But he does no such thing. It is not like Paul to descend to such puerility. "It would have been highly improper"—I confess I can not see the impropriety, but such is the explanation—"it would have been highly improper for the most righteous of men to be joined in affinity with the most unrighteous of nations; and, therefore, he is said to be without father and without mother." Now, either Mel-

chisedek was joined in affinity with that unrighteous nation, or he was not. If he was not, the whole theory falls to the ground. If he was, why be ashamed of it? Why improper to acknowledge it? Is it not rather creditable than otherwise that a man maintain the uprightness of his character in the midst of the ungodly? It is no disparagement to Abram that Terah his father was a Chaldean idolater; or to Lot that his relatives, his sons-in-law, perished in the destruction of Sodom, or that even the wife of his bosom is held up as an everlasting warning to backsliders.

But the mystery thickens as we proceed. He was not only without father and without mother, but the apostle tells us he had neither beginning of days nor end of life. On this confessedly-difficult passage, Dr. Clarke, in order to give the reader, he says, *full information* on the subject, quotes from the celebrated Dr. Owen, who asks: "How could a mortal man come into the world without father or mother? Man that is born of woman, is the description of every man: what, therefore, can be intended?" He then solves the difficulty, not by saying that it would be improper to join in affinity the righteous Melchisedek with the unrighteous Canaanites, but by referring to a compound Greek word used by the apostle, which we translate without descent, or, as it is in the margin, without pedigree. "This means," he tells us, "not without pedigree absolutely, but without a pedigree rehearsed, described, or recorded. And thus," he continues, "was Melchisedek without father or mother, in that the Spirit of God, who so strictly and exactly recorded the genealogies of other patriarchs and types of Christ, speaks nothing to this purpose concerning him. He is introduced, as it were one falling from heaven, appearing on a sudden, reigning at Salem, and officiating in the office of priesthood to the high God."

I have no reason to suppose that this explanation was not perfectly satisfactory to both these learned men: to Owen, who originally broached it, and to Clarke, who copies it for the purpose of giving his readers, as he says, full information on the subject. Possibly those who peruse this paper may also be satisfied with it. It is, indeed, beyond controversy that the Holy Spirit has caused to be recorded the genealogies of the patriarchs and kings from Adam to Abraham, from Abraham to David, and from David to Christ. The reason for this minute record is well understood to be to prove that Jesus of Nazareth was the promised Messiah. But what warrant is there for the use of the strange language, "without father" and "without mother," because a man's genealogy has not been registered? And is it true that the Holy Spirit has caused the pedigree of all who were eminent for piety to be strictly and exactly recorded? Far from it. Who was Job's father? I shall be told that Job was not a prophet. Suppose I admit the fact, and require that the ancestry of the devout David, the man greatly beloved of his God, be distinctly traced.

It can not be done. He is supposed, indeed, to have been a descendant of the kings of Judah, but who was his father and who his mother we know not. It will be said, then, perhaps, that the statement under consideration refers only to those who bore the priestly office. If so, will it be impertinent to inquire, where has the Holy Spirit recorded the genealogy of Jeremiah? That he united in his own person the offices of prophet and priest we gather from his own writings. He tells us, too, that his father's name was Hilkiiah; but who Hilkiiah was is utterly unknown.

My inference from these facts is, that the superstructure built upon this foundation necessarily falls. So, however, do not think the learned commentators referred to. They build it upon it still more largely, and tell us that on the same account—that is, because his genealogy is not recorded—he is said to be without beginning of days or end of life. For, says Dr. Owen, “as he was a mortal man he had both.” In direct and flat contradiction of the apostle, he adds: “He was assuredly born, and did no less certainly die than other men. But,” he continues, “neither of these are recorded concerning him. We have no more to do with him, to learn from him, nor are concerned in him, but only as he is described in the Scriptures, and there is no mention therein of the beginning of his days or the end of his life. Consider,” he continues, “all the other patriarchs mentioned in the writings of Moses, and you shall find their descent recorded, who was their father, and so up to the first man; and not only so, but the time of their birth, the beginning of their days, and the end of life is exactly recorded. For it is constantly said of them, such a one lived so long, and begat such a son, which fixed the time of birth. Then of him so begotten he lived so many years, which determines the end of his days. These things are expressly recorded. But concerning Melchisedek none of these things are spoken.”

Pursuing this same idea, Dr. Clarke says—and in this opinion he follows and is followed by other expounders of the Bible—“Melchisedek was without father and mother, having neither beginning of days nor end of life. His genealogy is not recorded. When he was born and when he died is unknown. *His priesthood, therefore, may be considered perpetual.*”

Is this sound reasoning? Is it in accordance with the usual plain matter-of-fact statements given us by the Holy Spirit in the great charter of man's salvation? May we say of any other man whose genealogy is not recorded, he was without father and without mother? Or, because we know not when Lot, for instance, was born, or when he died, would it be correct—would it be true to say, he had neither beginning of days nor end of life? Or yet, again, is it honest to fritter away the positive statements of the inspired writers to make them tally with their own preconceived opinions? Paul says, Melchisedek abideth a priest continually, having neither beginning of days nor end of

life. How long before an unlearned reader would adopt for himself, without a prompter, the opinion of the sagacious critics who assure us that this means, the date of his birth and the date of his death are not recorded? or the flagrant *non sequitur*—his priesthood, *therefore*, may be considered as perpetual? The apostle does not say that Melchisedek's priesthood *may be considered as perpetual*, but he abideth a priest continually. He does not say—and he could easily have said it if such had been his meaning—that there is no record of his genealogy; but he says, he was without father, without mother, without descent; having neither beginning of days nor end of life.

I announce, then, as an opinion, formed after much consideration, that in the person of Melchisedek we see the second person in the Trinity—the Word—the Son of God. Premising that this is *but* an opinion, and by no means proposed as an article of faith, I will add, that if any are better satisfied with the commonly-received explanations, they have my full consent. It is right, also, to say, that, although I have never met with arguments sustaining this position, the opinion is not original with me. It was held in the earlier ages of the Church by good and wise men; and, although by others equally wise and good it has been branded as absurd and foolish, in no other way am I able to explain, to my own satisfaction, what is said by the inspired writers concerning this mysterious personage, or to answer the question, Who was Melchisedek?

In the first place, then, it will not, of course, be questioned, that He, who in the beginning was with God, coequal with the Father from all eternity, might have appeared to the patriarchs and holy men of old. He might, if it had seemed good to his infinite wisdom, have assumed a visible shape—the appearance of an angel or a human being. The possibility of this, I say, will not be questioned.

But further: it is equally clear that the Son of God did thus appear in the olden time. To Abram it is said expressly, the Word of the Lord appeared in a vision by night. This Word personally addressed the patriarch. He said: “I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.” So far as I know, it is universally agreed that this was the Lord Jesus. He alone could have made those exceeding great and precious promises, and to him only could the father of the faithful have offered the homage of supreme adoration. But I shall be told, that no personal appearance is indicated in this account—that it was a mere vision of night. Be it so. Turn we then our attention to a visible manifestation—a personal appearance of the great God to this highly-favored man.

To whom did Abram address his interceding prayer in behalf of the cities of the plain? It will be said, to one of the angels who came to announce their destruction. But who was this angel? Abram calls him Lord. “O,” says he, “let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak.” He addressed him in

language suitable only to the Great Supreme: "Be it far from ~~thee~~ to slay the righteous with the wicked;" and "Shall not *the Judge of all the earth* do right?" And this angel answered: "If I find fifty righteous men in Sodom, *I will spare it for their sakes.*" Who is this that listens to the intercession of Abraham—that hears and answers prayer? To these questions there is but one reply. It is the LORD JEHOVAH, the Son of God. It is He who, when the fullness of time had come, took upon him man's nature to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

Again: at the base of Mount Horeb, it is said an angel of the Lord appeared to Moses, in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a burning bush. Who was this angel of the Lord? Not a created being; for He says, "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." He says, "I AM THAT I AM." Now, respecting the Father it is said: "No man hath seen God at any time. Him no man hath seen, nor can see." It is written, too: "Ye have neither heard His voice at any time, nor seen His shape." The answer to this question, then, is obvious: the angel who spoke from the bush, burning but unconsumed, was the angel of the covenant—the Lord Jesus—the Son of God.

I will mention but one other appearance of the second person in the Trinity previous to his incarnation. When the city of Jericho was to be destroyed, there appeared to Joshua *a man with a drawn sword in his hand*. He said to the astonished leader of Israel's army: "As captain of the Lord's host am I now come. Joshua fell upon his face, and *worshipped him*. And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground"—language, it will be remembered, precisely similar to that heard by Moses at the burning bush, and issuing, in each case, beyond a peradventure, from the lips of the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob—the Lord Jehovah—the angel of the covenant—the Redeemer of the world.

It will not be doubted, then, that he who revealed himself in visions by night, who appeared in a bodily shape as a messenger from heaven, who assumed the form of a soldier, *may* also have revealed himself to the father of the faithful in his priestly office. There is certainly no absurdity in the supposition.

It will be remembered, too, that Jesus of Nazareth declared, "Before Abraham was, I am;" and he said to the Jews, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad." When and how did he see the day of Christ? The usual interpretation is that he saw it by faith. That is true, doubtless. Did not Isaac, and Jacob, and all the patriarchs *thus* see his day? Most assuredly. Nay, it will not be going too far to assert, that from the first whisperings of the enigmatic promise in the ears of Eve, every sinner saved

has *thus* seen the day of Christ. In Abraham's case it does seem as if something more was intended—as if to him some special manifestation of the person and the offices of Christ had been made; and if the allusion be to the time when Melchisedek met the father of the faithful, *and blessed him*, all seems clear and consistent.

But the personage of whom we speak is said to have been a king and a priest. Even so. He who met Joshua is called a soldier. He had a drawn sword in his hand. Yet is he admitted to have been the second person in the ever-blessed Trinity; and in the name Melchisedek, and in the offices pertaining to him, there is nothing inconsistent with the idea that truly this was the Son of God. The word Melchisedek means king of righteousness, or my righteous king; and the apostle interprets his title, King of Salem, not as a designation of territory over which he reigned, but as expressive of his character. "Being," he says, "by interpretation, king of righteousness, and after that also King of Salem, *which is king of peace.* To whom, I ask, do these titles so well apply as to Him in whom righteousness and peace meet together—who is styled the Lord of righteousness and the Prince of peace? While there is a manifest difficulty in applying these epithets to a mere ruler of a wandering tribe of idolaters, there is propriety, and consistency, and beauty, and truth, in styling Him, who was in the beginning with the Father, King of righteousness and King of peace.

As to his being a *priest*, also, there does not appear any great difficulty in the supposition, that He who revealed himself so frequently, and in such various forms, to the patriarchs and holy men of old, should have given to the father of the faithful a more vivid illustration of that peculiar office which he took upon himself in order to make an atonement for the sins of the world. In this view of the subject, how pertinent and how full of meaning the language, "Your father Abraham *saw my day!*" In this view, also, his bringing forth bread and wine assumes a significance beyond that of mere bodily refreshment, and in his hands is a shadowing forth of those chosen emblems of his broken body and shed blood, by which his great atoning sacrifice is to be commemorated to the end of time.

Thus, too, we may account for what is otherwise absolutely unaccountable. I mean that Abraham received a blessing at his hands, and acknowledged his own inferiority by the payment of tithes. Confessedly at the head of the human race, of mere mortals, stands the great patriarch, the father of the faithful, and the friend of God. But *above* Abraham towers Melchisedek. Such is evidently the teaching of the apostle. "Consider *how great* this man was, unto whom even the patriarch Abraham gave the tenth of the spoils: and without all contradiction *the less* is blessed of *the better.*" Can it be that he who is thus exalted is a mere mortal—a Canaanitish prince who appears for a moment, and then vanishes, leaving no trace behind? Or is

it not, on the very face of the record, far more likely that this illustrious personage was indeed He who, nineteen hundred years afterward, declares: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad?"

On this interpretation, how natural and easy are the other characteristics ascribed to this mysterious being! He was without father, without mother, without descent; language equivalent to that of the evangelical prophet, when he asks, referring unquestionably to Christ, "Who shall declare his generation?"

"*Having neither beginning of days nor end of life.*" We saw how far-fetched and unsatisfactory is the explanation of this language by those who see in Melchisedek a mere mortal. Indeed, by their mode of interpretation—and it is as allowable in one case as in another—the most positive declarations of the Bible, its warnings, expostulations, threatenings, may be frittered away to mean any thing or nothing. They say *he had* both beginning of days and end of life, but "it may be considered" that he had neither. What a weapon to put into the hands of the skeptic and the unbeliever! Hear, for instance, the Universalist. The wicked shall be punished with everlasting destruction is the plain teaching of the Scriptures. True, he tells you, it is so written, but that is not the fact. I adopt your own mode of interpretation, as given in the case of him who met Abram, and contend that it means simply, it may be so considered! Now, on the contrary, let God be true and every man a liar. He of whom the apostle speaks had neither beginning of days nor end of life. Then, who was he? To my ear the apostle's language sounds like the very counterpart of His own declaration: "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last; I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive forevermore."

It is said, moreover, "*He abideth a priest continually.*" Where? Not on earth, surely; and, if Melchisedek were a mere mortal, as surely not in heaven, for *there* Jesus Christ is the great high priest of his people forever.

Finally: it is said of Christ, "Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedek." There is a difficulty in this statement in whatever light we view it. Considering Melchisedek as a mere mortal, a Canaanitish prince, it appears incongruous to make the Son of God a priest after *his* order. It seems to place the God-man on a level with this leader of a wandering tribe, if not, indeed, to make him an inferior. I am not aware that any member of the Aaronic priesthood ever claimed superiority to Aaron, the founder of their order. On the other hand, if this king of righteousness and king of peace was Christ himself, then the declaration of the Psalmist amounts to this—thou art a priest forever after *thine* own order. I have said there are difficulties connected with either interpretation; far less, however, in my judgment, with the latter than with the former, which solves, satisfactorily,

the main difficulties with which the subject is incumbered. And here I leave it, with what impression on the mind of the reader I can not say, but most assuredly rejoicing in my own soul, that in this mysterious meeting in the valley of Jehoshaphat I see the grand central glory of all righteous truth—the Son of God, my Savior, revealing himself to the patriarch in his two most interesting and glorious offices—priest and king—King of Righteousness, merciful High Priest.

## CHASIDINE.

BY OTWAY CURRY, ESQ.

WALKED she for a few brief years  
In a land of toil and tears,  
With a patient hope preparing  
For the holiest spheres.

Never with the pure one strove  
Spirit of a sinful love,  
For her soul was filled with dreamings  
Of its home above.

Joyed she heavenly seed to sow  
In the midst of tears and woe,  
Growing oft as oft the flowers  
In the rains do grow.

Stood she near the nightly gloom  
Of the slumber of the tomb,  
Planting hopes that shall not wither  
Till the morning come.

Sung she with melodious tongue  
Heaving human hearts among  
Happy songs, like those in Eden  
By the sinless sung.

But she might not always sing  
Where of time the travelling wing,  
Wears away and renders soundless  
Each silverian string.

Fainter grew the lingering lay  
As the gliding years gave way,  
Till the pale and fragile singer  
Could no longer stay.

Nevermore the grief to share  
Which the mortal millions bear,  
She has entered where the weary  
Cease from toil and care.

Gathered to the viewless coast—  
Numbered with the shining host,  
Vain is every earthly sorrow  
For the early lost.

Words of long and loving cheer  
Left she for my sad soul here.  
I shall in the bright world coming  
By her side appear.

When the dimless noon shall shine  
On immortal eyes of mine,  
I shall see her in her beauty,  
In the light divine.

## THE SECOND WIFE OF NAPOLEON.

FROM OUR GERMAN CORRESPONDENT.

WANDERING through the long picture-galleries of the museum the other day, I stopped before a full-length portrait of Marie Louise, Empress of France, holding the young King of Rome by the hand. It was very beautiful, and gave rise to thoughts and reflections which kept me standing a long time in the same spot. I have since thought that perhaps your readers would be interested in a few details concerning the wife of the great Emperor, and her second husband, the Count de Neipperg. I have therefore put together the following facts collected from several old manuscripts, said to be from the pen of one of the Empress' maids of honor.

Immediately after the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon at Fontainebleau, the Empress Marie Louise, and her son, the King of Rome, were placed under the guardianship of Austria. The Russian general, Shouvaloff carried them from Orleans to Rambouillet, where the Empress received a visit from her father, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia. On the 22d of April the Austrian imperial staff arrived at Rambouillet charged to conduct Marie Louise to Vienna. They set out on the 23d of April, while Napoleon, who had left Fontainebleau on the 20th, was on his way to Elba.

The Empress passed through Bale, Schaffhouse, Zurich, Constance, Insprach, Mœlek, and Vienna. She stopped at the chateau of Shoenbrunn, which had been assigned her as a residence, and where her family were collected to receive her.

Soon separated from her maid of honor, the Duchess of Montebello, whom she loved very tenderly, she was also successively deprived of every one who had accompanied her from France.

Some time after Maria Louise obtained from her father permission to repair to the waters of Aix in Savoy. But he let her know that she must henceforth have some one near her who could be her adviser and her mediator at the Austrian court. The choice of the Emperor was fixed upon Prince Nicolas Esterhazy. Metternich, who had his own reasons, proposed in preference the General Count de Neipperg, who was then in command of a division of Austrian troops at Pavie, but who immediately received an order to repair to Aix.

The King of Rome, called in Austria Prince of Parma, was left to the maternal care of Madame de Montesquieu, his governess; he remained at Shoenbrunn with her. Marie Louise traveled under the name of Duchess of Colorno, and arrived at Aix the 17th of July, 1814.

General Count de Neipperg met her at Caronge. It was the second time she had seen him. She had seen him first at Dresden when she went there with Napoleon about to start for the Russian campaign, but without remarking him more particularly than the other courtiers who surrounded her. When he presented himself before her at Caronge, he made a

very disagreeable impression, which she did not try to conceal. Was it the instinct of an innocent heart, but doubting itself, which presented this man to her as an evil genius, and which secretly warned her of the danger of following his counsels? General Neipperg was not, besides, endowed with remarkable exterior advantages. A black band hid the deep scar of a wound which had deprived him of an eye; but this wound harmonized tolerably well with his face, which had a martial character. He had light hair, thin and short, which, with the uniform of a hussar, which he usually wore, gave him a youthful air. His glance was quick, piercing, scrutinizing. The whole expression of his countenance denoted an acute, cunning man. The effect of fatigue and numerous wounds was seen in his skin, which was much discolored. He was of medium height, but well built, and the elegance of his figure was heightened by the graceful cut of the Hungarian uniform. He was then about forty-three years of age. His manner was that of a very cautious man, though he occasionally put on a benevolent air, and where he wanted to please, he was polite, insinuating, and flattering. He possessed many accomplishments, among which not the least was that of being a good musician. Active, adroit, with no scruples, he managed to hide his craftiness under an appearance of simplicity. Skillful as he was in penetrating the thoughts and designs of others, he was much more so in concealing his own. Joining an appearance of modesty with a great deal of vanity, he never spoke of himself. He was brave in war; his numerous wounds testified to his courage.

These details on the Count de Neipperg are not useless here. This man played such an important part near Marie Louise, and exercised over her destiny so great an influence, that it is of some consequence to know by what qualities he obtained her confidence.

General Neipperg was very attentive to Marie Louise during the six weeks that she remained at Aix. After the season was over, he accompanied her in a pleasure trip she made through Switzerland, and returned with her to Vienna toward the end of the summer. An affectation of devotion to her interests, great efforts to please her, and many pleadings in her favor before the court, at last touched the heart of Marie Louise. A promise was given by this weak princess, not to receive any letter from Napoleon without handing it to her father, and not to reply without his consent. Thus the outpourings of conjugal affection, the paternal solitudes, were submitted to the inquisition of a congress of enemy kings. To obtain this sacrifice from her, they made her believe that it was for the interest of her son, and even for that of her husband.

In proportion as the measures employed to detach the ex-Empress of the French from her husband and from France succeeded, difficulties arose, or, rather, they were feigned, and every thing was done to exaggerate their importance. They spread

the report that the allies would never consent to allow the *race of Bonaparte* an independent principality. The Count de Neipperg seizing this opportunity to prove his zeal, composed a memoir designed to establish the rights of Austria to the duchies of Parma and Plaisance, which Marie Louise wanted. At last the stories and maneuvers with which they constantly frightened her ended by their promising that she should be put in possession of the duchies on condition that her son should not accompany her to her new home. New stories were told to force Marie Louise to this second sacrifice, and new considerations were placed before her to induce her to surmount her unwillingness. Count Neipperg sustained the utter impossibility of allowing the son of Napoleon to reside in Italy, and called every one to witness that the best friends of the Empress would supplicate her to leave her son in Vienna, if, as was certain, his presence in Italy would injure his interests, and that she might very easily go and see him every year.

While these things were progressing, the news of the return from Elba arrived, spreading consternation in the midst of the council of Amphictyons, who, while they pretended to restore equilibrium to Europe, were oppressing her to their own profit. This sudden event made the council think it necessary to exercise extraordinary watchfulness over the young son of Napoleon. He was taken away from the maternal cares of his good governess, Madame de Montesquieu, and carried from the chateau of Shoenbrunn, where he lived with his mother, to the palace at Vienna. An apartment was assigned him near that of the Emperor Francis, and they gave him for a governess Madame de Mitrowsky, the widow of an Austrian general. At the same time the Count de Neipperg made Marie Louise sign a declaration, wherein she protested that she was entirely ignorant of the projects of Napoleon, and that she put herself under the protection of the allied sovereigns.

In April, 1815, the Count de Neipperg set out for the army. Six months after, having been named Grand Master of the household of Marie Louise, he returned to Vienna, and took his place in the palace of the Princess, with whom he had kept up a close correspondence during his absence. He resumed his office of supreme director of the sentiments and wishes of the royal lady.

The following year the new Duchess of Parma and Plaisance set out to take possession of her estates. In the state entrance she made at Parma, at her side, in the first rank, appeared Count Neipperg, then her chevalier of honor, and the administrator of her authority. Let us look a little at the past life of this personage.

Count Adam Albert de Neipperg, Field Marshal, Lieutenant, and Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, the descendant of an ancient family of Wurtemberg, had been from his youth attached to the service of Austria. He was married there to a woman whom he had carried off from her husband, and by whom he had five children. This woman

died in the beginning of 1815, after an illness of two days, some months after the decease of her first husband. This incident shows the morality of Count Neipperg, with whom Marie Louise consoled herself for the loss of Napoleon! But Neipperg had known how to gain the confidence of Metternich, more master of Austria than the Emperor himself. Austrian minister to Stockholm in 1812, he had not been a stranger to the treaty of Orebro, by which Bernadotte armed himself against France, his country. And later, at Naples, he had rendered new services to Metternich by forcing Murat to make common cause with the enemies of Napoleon.

Count Neipperg had unlimited powers in Marie Louise's household. He exerted all his vigilance, all his cunning, and all his address to estrange the Princess from all the memories of the past. A strict police denied access to all who might have spoken to her of her husband and of imperial France. Count Neipperg ordered to the palace various pamphlets and writings inspired by hatred and *party spirit*, and which threw an odious light on the character and the principles of Napoleon's government. Marie Louise permitted these things to be read to her. She listened calmly to the most outrageous calumnies against Napoleon, to whom she had united her destiny!—against the great man who was her husband before God and before men! This was not weakness; it was contempt pushed to insult. From such a height can one fall so low!

Count Neipperg's instructions from the court gave him authority to *push things as far as they could go*. He successfully used his unlimited power over the person and the will of the ex-Empress.

While Napoleon, a captive at St. Helena, supported with dignity the weight of his griefs, and thought of his "*good Louise*," she became a coquette, forgot her husband, her duties as a wife, and her honor. Three children were born in the palace, whose births were surrounded with a certain mystery. The eldest of these children, a daughter, married the son of the Count San-Vitale, Grand Chamberlain of Parma, and lived at the court with her mother. The second, the Count de Montenuovo, is now an officer in an Austrian regiment. The third child, a daughter, died at an early age.

It has been asserted that Marie Louise was married to Count Neipperg while Napoleon was still living, but we would rather believe that it was only after the death of her first husband that she took a second. Whichever was true, however, she united herself to Count Neipperg by a Morganatic or left-handed marriage.

This second husband of the Archduchess Marie Louise died at Parma the 23d of December, 1828, at the age of fifty-seven; he was born in 1771. Count Neipperg struggled three years against an incurable malady. Having wished to follow the Duchess of Parma to Piedmont, he occupied with her a pleasure-house belonging to the King of Sar-

dinia, when his malady took a character so grave that the physicians despaired of being able to prolong his life. The removal of the dying man was then imperiously commanded by that court etiquette which establishes distinctions even in death, and which will not suffer one unconnected with the reigning family to die in a royal residence. He was transported to Turin, and carried in a litter from that city to Parma, where he died after a long agony.

Marie Louise, who had learned with indifference, even with joy, perhaps, the death of Napoleon, wept long the loss of Neipperg. She appeared inconsolable. To fill the void which his loss left her, she surrounded herself till her death with all that could remind her of the Count. She caused a magnificent mausoleum to be raised to his memory as a testimony of the bitterness of her regrets.

This woman, who occupied the first throne of the world with the greatest man of modern times, thus fell from the pinnacle of glory to the last degree of contempt. The French people, whose sovereign she was, have loaded her with unanimous reprobation; they no longer speak of her but in applying to her the strongest epithets. Marie Louise had, however, a noble part to play at the fall of the empire. Extraordinary circumstances had united her destiny with that of Napoleon. She should have respected her ties and braved all to follow her husband to the isle of Elba and the rock of St. Helena: an immortal glory, the homage of the whole world, and the admiration of posterity, would have been the reward of her devotion.

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### TO EDITH.

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BY EDITH'S MOTHER.

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"Thou art gone to the grave," yet I remember thee. Thine image is deeply and indelibly impressed on my memory. Though thou hast died, yet the heart has memories that can not die. I see thy lovely face, and hear thy sweet voice often. I see thee before me when none others can. I see thee in our little parlor, sitting beside thy little brother, playing with the roses which thou and he have just plucked from the bushes that grow under the window-sill. I see thee in the back yard, clambering upon the mound that covers the old well's mouth. I see thee running round it, and trying to hide from thy little brother in the tufts of grass that grow upon it.

I see thee running to meet thy father, when returning from his daily labor, with a glad heart and smiling face to welcome him to his home. I see thee upon his knee, endeavoring to make him understand what has been passing through thy innocent soul, through the day. I see thee, yes, I see thee, as my own sweet child—Edith.

I see thee and thy little brother, and know not how it is possible for me to love thee so much, and not

love thy brother less. I see thee sicken. I see thy pallid cheek and sunken eye. I see thee totter on thy weak and feeble little limbs. I see thee start from thy home, never, never to return in this life. I see thee in thy sick-cradle, with emaciated frame, no more the rosy-cheeked babe of former days, but an innocent creature in the grasp of the monster Death. I see thee pass thy tiny fingers over thy mother's, as though thou wouldst say, "Mother, I am very sick. Give me something to ease my aching head," but canst not lip one word. I see thee, my darling babe, on thy sick-couch. O, how it tears my heart-strings asunder, to behold thee thus! Thou canst not speak one word to me. I would rather hear thee speak than possess millions of gold; but thou canst not. Thy tongue is silent in death, though thou yet breathest. I see thee struggling for breath, with thy feeble, trembling, little arm upraised, as though thou wast imploring me for something. I see thy quivering chin. I see thee gasp for life—a little more strength—that thou mightest say unto thy parents, "I am going to him who took little children, such as I am, into his arms, and blessed them; and said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I know he will not spurn me." Will you meet me in that happy country where we shall all be as the angels of God?

I see all this, though not with my natural eye, but with the inward eye—the eye of the soul; for when I look around me with my natural eye I see thee not.

"Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to unfold thee,  
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died."

Yes, Edith, thy little winding-sheet doth hold thee fast, and thy grave-clothes will not let thee loose. Thou wilt no more gladden the hearts of thy fond parents with thy sweet smile. Thy place in the family circle is vacant. When we bow ourselves around the family altar, we behold thee not in thy accustomed seat. Then the thought rushes upon the mind with redoubled force,

"Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere wrong to deplore thee  
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;  
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died."

Though thou art gone to the grave, yet thou art not forgotten. Thy grave is near by, and thy grave-stones give proof that thou art not forgotten; for on them is engraved that sentence which thou wouldst have uttered couldst thou have spoken. And when thy fond parents shall sleep in the grave, thy little brother will train the rose-bushes that encircle thy grave, and will not think it a task to watch over the sleeping dust of his dear little sister.

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As the stars bespangle the beautiful heaven over our heads, so the promises of God are scattered through the blessed Bible in countless multitude and glory.

## TWILIGHT HOURS.

BY MISS A. GOSFUT.

"O, how I love this twilight hour  
When all in earth or sky  
Seems breathing of a better world  
Where loved ones never die."

I LOVE the calm twilight hour; there is something in it inexpressibly soothing to the mind tired with the unceasing cares and anxieties of life. How delightful to steal away from the noisy group, and indulge in solitude those sweet and welcome thoughts which this hour ever inspires. Let us, dear Mary, retire to yonder favorite tree, and watch the farewell beams of the sun. See how beautifully the western sky is colored with crimson, purple, and gold! What poet can describe in adequate terms the glories of such a sky! The artist may attempt to imitate those matchless tints, but can never equal them; it is a specimen of God's own painting.

The last rays of the sun have disappeared from yonder lofty hill-top, and now the pale moon shows her fair and gentle face. One single star, too, is beaming upon us with a look of love and purity. How hushed and silent is every thing around us! All things in nature seem enjoying a sweet repose. No sound is heard but the low murmuring of the wind as it plays in the branches of the trees, except now and then the plaintive notes of the nightingale from yonder little grove.

How beautiful is the landscape which is now spread before us! Almost as far as the eye can see, the level plain is covered with broad meadows and luxuriant fields clothed in their deepest green, with here and there a group of noble trees adding beauty and variety to the scene. At the bottom of those rich meadows the broad and beautiful Chamung is winding its way peacefully along. "The hills which encircle us around like some vast amphitheater," are covered to their summits with trees of every variety, their different hues contrasting beautifully with the clear, blue sky. On the right the little village, with its white houses and lofty spires, seems hushed in repose. How sweet—how charming is the scene! how it fills the mind with sublime and lofty imagings! Who that is not dead to every generous feeling, on contemplating such a scene of beauty, can fail to raise their heart in gratitude to God for giving us this beautiful world to dwell in? But twilight has faded away, and night has thrown her shadows around us. The stars have come out one by one, till the blue arch above us is thickly studded with sparkling gems. How solemn is this hour!

"Sweet is the lucid morning's opening flower!  
Her coral melodies benignly rise;  
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour  
At which his blossoms close—her music dies;  
For then mild nature, while she droops her head,  
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed."

Often have I sat for hours alone in my room, in

such a night as this, gazing upon the stars or the thin, fleecy clouds, as they floated by like shadows from the spirit world, and listened with delight and awe to the celestial voices which seemed borne along on the still air. Often have I imagined that I heard the voice of some loved and lost one hymning, in strains of sublime adoration, the praises of the Creator. The infidel may scoff at this, and call it the enthusiastic workings of the imagination, but the Christian loves to think that the loved ones from whom he is parted, though invisible, still hover near him, to whisper words of encouragement to struggle on through this dark scene till the bright portals of eternity are opened, and he is permitted to gaze with undimmed eyes on the sublime glories of the universe.

## THE GRAVE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

BY E. B. SULLIVAN.

How sweet the sight—a grave among the flowers!  
But sweeter still to stray for long, long hours,  
And pluck them one by one regardless of the gloom  
The place of graves begets, and spread them on the tomb.

And then to see them shrink on their green and tufted bed,  
As if they wished to mingle with the lone and silent dead,  
To tell the silent sleeper with odors they had come,  
To cheer the lonely charnel-house, and drive away its gloom.

How sweet the sight—a grave among the flowers,  
Where flows the gentle rivulet hard by the woodland bowers,  
And where, in evening's twilight hour, comes the sweet and cooling breeze,  
To gather fragrance from each flower, and rock the willow-trees!

And then in early morning the birds together meet  
Upon the weeping-willow hard by the grave, to greet  
Each other with song of love, and O, the joy they bring  
To the one that sits beside that grave, and hears them sweetly sing.

But, O, to hold communion with God in holy hours,  
To kneel beside that lovely grave among the sweet, wild flowers,  
And then while angels hover o'er to feel his spirit given,  
That tells, though earthly flowers fade, they bloom for aye in heaven.

## THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

BY PROFESSOR LAKHARE.

In a charming grove, on a beautiful hill, overlooking a lovely landscape of valley, plain, lake, and river, the people of the Most High were met for prayer and praise. It was an evening of early autumn. The people, quietly seated on the rude benches, with eye intent, and listening ear, were hanging enraptured on the lips of the man of God, whose eloquent tones fell like music on the heart. He was one of the pioneers of the Church—a tall, old man, of form yet erect, of noble bearing, and of strikingly-expressive countenance. His head was gray with years and with toil. Long years ago he, a mere stripling from the Green Mountain land, had been sent on a mission of salvation to the people scattered over these hills and valleys. He had returned to his mountain home, and labored for many years in his Master's work. Now he had come back to the scene of his early labors; and with a voice even more musical than in youth, and with an eloquence that had lost none of its power, he was speaking the words of truth to a vast multitude of deeply-devout worshippers. There were, in that forest congregation, old men, who, in their youth, had, under the persuasive power of that same eloquent voice, yielded themselves up to holy influences and a life of piety. To hear that voice again seemed to them like the return of youth, bringing back to their hearts the joyous emotions of other days. By their side were their children and their children's children. The man of God spoke of Jesus, and of the cross, and of redemption. He depicted the scenes of the resurrection, of the judgment, and of eternity. He closed with an appeal to the sinner, of such power and eloquence, that the hardest heart seemed melted—the most stubborn will subdued. He closed his sermon, came down from the rustic desk, proceeded to a large, open space, within the inclosure of tents, and, with a voice sweet as the harp of Ariel, sang the following words:

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish;  
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven can not heal.  
Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the comforter, in mercy saying,  
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven can not cure."

When he had concluded, there were gathered about him in a large circle hundreds of worshippers. Among them was a multitude of penitents. With gentle words and soothing tones, he invited the mourner for sin to come and kneel, at the rude altar near him, for confession and prayer. A multitude rushed to the devoted spot. They came—the mature man, the comely matron, the sprightly youth, the fair maiden, and the child. They dropped on their knees before the good old man, as he continued telling them of the love of Christ. Then the

multitude all kneeled on the ground, and the good man offered up the earnest prayer of faith. He then arose and sang, a hundred voices joining,

"Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my surety stands;  
My name is written on his hands."

Struck with the sublimity of the scene, I stood at a short distance, on a little knoll, looking on the place and the people. The grove was composed of tall maples, and grand old oaks, and gigantic hemlocks, with here and there a tall, straight pine. Lamps were suspended from the branches of the trees, lighting up the whole scene. The trunks of the trees seemed like variegated and massive pillars upholding a canopy whose gorgeous colorings, touched by the brush of autumnal frost, no painter's pencil might imitate. The mingled voices of the immense multitude, all tuned in native melody, rose up amid the forest leaves, like the deep tones of the pealing organ, chanting in some old cathedral the *Te Deum* in strains of harmony. I looked on the people, and I seemed to see a vision of angels. Among the happy converts was a fair young girl, who stood with her eyes half closed, yet raised toward heaven, and gently clapping her hands in ecstasy. She spoke not a word, but no angel face to human eye ever seemed more heavenly. That lovely girl was the betrothed bride of a pious young man, who had taken her a penitent to that meeting that she might meet Jesus there. He now stood in the midst of the scene, his heart so full of deep delight that he could not speak a word.

An angel hand might paint that scene, an angel tongue might tell it, an angel pen describe it, but no human effort can avail to express either the depth of the emotion, the beauty of the sight, or the harmony of the sounds, that went up to heaven from that forest sanctuary.

That spot seemed holy ground. No Gothic temple could seem half so grand as that primeval house not made with human hands. No costly chandeliers with diamond reflectors would give so pure a light as those rustic lamps suspended from the green branches, and their rays reflected from the autumn-colored leaves.

It is a glorious place, that forest sanctuary, the place where the Most High delights to meet his people. Not the temple of Jerusalem in its highest glory was more dear to the dweller in Palestine than is the memory to me of the forest temple, on whose rustic altar I have seen the dearest friends of earth bring their gift—the gift of a broken heart, and a contrite spirit—and offer it up to Him, to whom such a sacrifice is more acceptable than earth's richest treasures.

"We lost a paradise by sin," says Charnock, "and have gained a heaven by the cross."

## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

BY ORVILLE J. VICTOR.

THE hearth was desolate; for the father had died, and the mother sat alone in her gloom—all alone, save the beautiful child slumbering in its crib and the face of the father smiling from the canvas on the wall. Memories of the past, too, were there; for tears lay on the mourner's pale cheek, and her bosom trembled in its heavy grief. All alone! and she sat gazing upon the image on the wall. One was not there; his chair was vacant, and his voice was gone; the mother communed alone with the dead! Through the still air came the voice of the past, bearing sweet remembrances to her aching heart, and distilling a soothing oil over her spirit's turbulent deep. And when hours had fled, and the lamp gave but a dying light, a holy peace had stolen to her breast, and a sweet calm fell over her heart: communing with the dead, she slept.

She slept! and the fire threw a fitful light through the room. Shadowy forms danced upon the walls, and flitted over the floor with a noiseless tread—silent messengers of a dreamy world. With mysterious affection they mingled and wove their long arms together, and, fading, rested in the dim shade. Deeper grew the shade—deeper and deeper—till a vision, strange yet blessed, crept stilly over the sleeper's brain, and filled the room with a soft, silvery light.

Clothed in the purity and glory of heaven, the departed stood before her. A smile of ineffable sweetness lit up his glowing features, and love and tenderness beamed through the soul-lit eye. The mother moved not; a spell was in the air; for, while yet the spirit of him she loved stood before her, she beheld a second form bending over her sleeping child, and murmuring in its ear, as it placed a wreath of drooping, faded flowers upon the little feet. With eyes suffused in tears, it waved its snowy wings, and softly breathing, "*The Past*," was gone. Immediately, another was there beside the beautiful child, whispering in its ear. And when it murmured, "*The Present*," as it vanished, the mother saw its features were stern, yet serene, and beheld a crown of thistles and thorns upon her child's head. Then came a third, gliding softly to the little crib, and the dreamer saw it was pure and fair beyond all earthly thought. As it breathed in the sleeper's ear, it sweetly smiled, and placing a wreath of fresh lilies and palm upon its heart, fluttered its wings and left "*The Future*" trembling upon the ear. Turning to the form before her, the mother beheld the finger pointing upward, and saw it gaze toward heaven. Starting forward to clasp the angel to her breast, *the vision was gone!*

Morning light was chasing the shadows from the wall as the mother bent over her child in prayer. The wind sang a low, gentle song through the leaves and flowers, and played with its soft fingers

among the curls of the still slumbering child. With the rustle of the leaves and the stir of the curls, blended the beating of her heart in its unutterable prayer, and bowing her head a sigh was lost upon her breast. The vision again stole over her. She saw the angel smile as it placed a wreath of living flowers upon the head of her child. She knew it was not all a dream; she was comforted. A peace and submission of spirit filled her soul, and she arose, chastened and humbled, with a high and holy trust upon the future.

Ten years! and again the mother was alone. The arm-chair and little crib stood side by side, and two faces smiled from the wall—the father and child. Again the hearth was desolate and the mother alone.

Ten years! and the child had grown to almost womanhood—a rare and precious flower, whose soul was all purity—whose words were all love. As she grew into matchless beauty, her heart expanded into wisdom and light, and her soul seemed but a breathing fount with the impassioned tongue of Poetry for its utterance. The sweet strains of her lyre floated like rich music over the land, and the world bowed before the child of earth, so gifted—so lovely; *the mother knew that the angels had, indeed, whispered to her child!* How desolate, then, was the hearth when the gentle fingers ceased to thrill the chords and the voice was still—when silence was in her room, and the earth, all fresh, upon her grave!

The mother sat alone, her heart bursting with its weight of woe. All that she loved and lived for was gone, and what now was life? The angel that promised a future of smiles and joy had deceived her, and now she would go sorrowing down to the grave. Murmuring thus, the light grew dim, and again the shadows danced upon the wall and flitted over the floor. Again they mysteriously mingled and wove together in strange affection, and retired into the deeper shade. The mother sat before the pictures on the wall; and as the shadows gently drew their veil over the motionless features of the canvas, a web was stilly weaving its woof around her senses, and forms from the land of dreams were steeping her lids in their magic dew.

The parent and child stood before her, clad in all the beauty of glory. Every feature beamed with unearthly splendor, and wore a smile of joy and love. Around their heads were crowns of light, and upon her child's breast a wreath of lilies and palm. She would have clasped them to her heart, but a hand was upon her, and standing at her side she beheld the angel that last bent over the crib as it blest her child. Then she would have murmured, and complained, but her lips were sealed and she was still. She saw the smile play over its beautiful face, and bowing her head, heard a low sweet voice full of tenderness, yet reproof, as it said, "*Woman! thou sorrowest because of thy child, and art bowed down in thy desolation. Did we not warn thee that Birth was like the Past, and in token leave a wreath of faded flowers? Did we not warn thee*

\* that Life was like the Present, and in token crown thy idol with thistles and thorns? 'Did we not warn thee that the Future was only in Life Eternal, and in token place an ever-blooming wreath upon thy child's breast? Why sorrowest thou, then? Because thy child hast exchanged a crown of thorns for one of glory? O, selfish heart that would bind so lovely a spirit to earth and mortality!—that would forbid the Lord his own!"

Large tear-drops stood upon the sleeper's cheeks, and uttering, "O, no, no!" she would have fallen at the angel's feet, but he was gone; and as the faint light of coming day struggled to her eye, she knew it was all a dream.

Years have passed, and still the mother is alone. Her heart is no longer bowed down in its woe, but a holy peace floods her soul, and the light of heaven beams in her sad, sweet smile. She journeys on through life, dispensing blessings and love to all around, patiently awaiting the coming of that glorious being that shall lay the wreath of victory upon her breast, and breathe in her ear the angel's whisper.

#### KOSSUTH.

BY REV. M. TRAFTON.

KOSSUTH! true son of freedom, whose stern voice Rang like a clarion o'er thy native hills, Calling thy compeers to a freeman's choice—"Freedom or death!" O, how the true heart thrills,

To hear thy deeds of daring! We rejoice, That thou still livest, and that the spirit fills Thy noble heart which stirred our fathers, when They threw their serfdom off, and took the place of men.

KOSSUTH! though fallen, thou hast triumphed. Still Thou art embodied freedom; and thy deeds Were deeds which die not, but must live, until The race is free. Where thy poor country bleeds, Fresh is thy memory; and rich offerings will Be brought of praise for thee, whose spirit leads Each to the shrine of freedom, there to be Sworn against tyrants, till the Magyar's free.

And each has an ovation. Every soul Has triumphed o'er the oppressor. He may bind His chains upon the limbs, and may control The body by his power; but the mind, Free as their mountain air, scorns the whole Herd of dark despots—leaves their chains behind—

Mounts on Freedom's pinions, and away To Hope's bright regions, there to bide their day.

KOSSUTH! that day will come. Tyrants are weighed In a just balance, and are wanting found. The time has passed, when worms can thus invade Heaven's high prerogative. The soul, long bound,

Is swelling with new powers, which have laid Dormant for ages. Starting at the sound Of freedom's thrilling shout, nations arise, Rolling their peans through the echoing skies.

KOSSUTH! lone wanderer from thy fathers' graves! Live for the future! It hath joy for thee. A Christian power may spurn thee. Craven slaves, As blood-hounds baying on the slot, may be Thy momentary plague. The Moslem braves The wrath of the chafed Czar, and offers free The shelter of the mosque to the oppressed—The Christian welcomes to the prophet's rest.

O, for a Cromwell now in *chair* or throne, To send his lion voice to Austria's ears, And bid her leave the panting prey alone! To crush the hydra where his head he rears! To make the northern, ranging bear atone For Magyar's robbery, and blood, and tears! "Vengeance is mine," saith God; "I will repay." Ye sufferers, patience! Bide redemption's day!

#### TO A SPIRIT.

BY HARRIET J. MEEK.

Thy rest is sweet—profound;  
And yet thou art the strife  
Of two eternities—the ground  
Of battling death and life:  
Death where the siren sings,  
And life that hovers nigh  
To break the shackles from thy wings,  
And speed thee to the sky.

The thought o'erwhelms me now  
Of what we soon shall be;  
I read the seal on every brow  
Of immortality.  
The soul's triumphant light  
That struggles o'er the clay,  
And speaks its own unborrowed right  
To everlasting day.

Spirit, assert thy claim!  
The meanest toys of earth  
Dally with the undying flame  
That fires thine altar-hearth.  
And yet behold thy dower—  
The heaven of heavens above;  
The God of soul-creating power,  
And soul-redeeming love!

Darkened, degraded beam  
Of deathlessness, arise,  
And find below the living stream  
That gladdens all the skies:  
Claim by thy glorious birth  
The joy to angels given;  
And walk in peace with God on earth,  
And live with God in heaven.

## THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1830.

GENIUS UNNOTICED AND UNKNOWN.

"TELL her," says Hamlet, "she may paint an inch thick, yet to this she must come at last." Death cuts down all. The grave receives all. Neither knows any distinction. The wise, the unwise, the rich, the poor, the gentle, and the proud, slumber alike in the tomb, and the clods of the valley are sweet to them. Each hour, each minute, nay, each second, tells the departure of some one to the bourne whence no traveler returns. Even as we write, or the reader reads, who can tell how many are passing away, and how many more are going around the streets as mourners, conscious that their hour will soon come?

When from an eminence an ancient general beheld his vast army ranged before him, he burst into tears at the thought that in a very short time all before him would be gone, and other armies and other troops would occupy their places. Something of the feeling which this commander experienced arises in our own minds when we reflect that all who once lived have ceased to be. Nothing now remains of those who once acted a distinguished part in life but their name and some slight memorial of their talents and their works. They now mingle their ashes with the lowest and the meanest, and the cold worm riots over their sleep.

Yet, however melancholy the reflections which may arise in contemplating the death of the great and the distinguished of the world, not less melancholy is the reflection that many have been cut off by premature death in the midst of project and ambition, and have gone down to the grave unnoticed and unknown. And how many more, too, who were fitted with genius and talents to shine in the world, and to instruct mankind, have been precluded from the possibility of exerting themselves and being useful to others!

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul."

We have been led into these reflections by reading a small volume of poems, now before us, which, though possessed of great poetic merit, seem but little known and appreciated in this country or even in Europe. These poems are edited by Rev. John Logan, a Scottish divine, who tells us that they were written by one Michael Bruce, that this Bruce was born in Kinross-shire, Scotland, in the year 1746, and that, having long struggled with poverty and disappointment, he died with consumption at the early age of twenty-one, while keeping school in an adjoining neighborhood.

"Nothing," remarks his biographer, "has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the consideration of genius thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity, and sometimes, as in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and conveniences which might have fostered a delicacy of frame or of mind ill calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my part I never pass the little hamlet where young Bruce resided—I never look on his dwelling—a small, thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a sashed window at the end, instead of a lattice, fringed with a honey-suckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involun-

tarily, and looking on the window, which the honey-suckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion—I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy."

We furnish an extract or two from the volume in question, that the reader may judge himself in regard to the genuineness of poetic merit belonging to young Bruce. The first piece, entitled the Cuckoo, has had a circulation almost as extensive as the Elegy in the Country Church-Yard, but, unlike that poem, its real authorship has been kept concealed:

"Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood  
Attendant on the spring!  
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear:  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
When heaven is filled with music sweet  
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering in the wood,  
To pull the flowers so gay,  
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,  
And imitate thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on its bloom,  
Thou fly'st the vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green—  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song—  
No winter in thy year!

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee;  
We'd make, with social wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the spring."

We have given the poem entire. It is usual to credit this piece to Rev. Mr. Logan, the editor of Bruce's poems. Even Lindley Murray, Dr. Aikin, and Washington Irving, have fallen into this error. But we have it on the authority of Thomas Campbell—a far better judge than any one of these gentlemen in this matter—that it has only been credited to Mr. Logan through the abuse which that gentleman editor exercised in regard to the manuscripts of Bruce. And, further, Mr. R. A. Davenport, a correct and elegant English author, informs us in his Biographical Dictionary, that this same article—the Cuckoo—appeared in the English Review as the production of young Bruce in the early part of 1766—ten years, at least, before Mr. Logan commenced his career as an author.

The second specimen, which we shall transcribe, is in anapestic verse, and concludes an article which the youthful poet wrote on his approaching end. We have been much affected in its perusal, and shall be greatly mistaken if it do not affect the reader also. Here is the extract:

"Now spring returns; but not to me return  
The vernal joys my better days have known;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,  
 Meager and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,  
 And count the silent moments as they pass—

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest;  
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams preface approaching fate;  
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;  
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;  
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,  
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!  
 Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,  
 Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,  
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,  
 When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes;  
 The world and all its busy follies leave,  
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,  
 When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes—  
 Rest in the hope of an eternal day,  
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise."

There is something approaching even to an oppressive melancholy in these stanzas. Criticism might lift its voice in condemnation of the strange and, at first glance, almost superfluous use of adjectives in the third line of the fourth stanza—"led by pale ghosts"—and in the third line of the sixth stanza—"with still silence reign." But these apparent pleonasm add, in our view, great beauty and effect to the poem itself. We seriously mistake if the reader be not of the same opinion after a perusal, and a careful estimate of the whole piece. A few weeks after writing this poem, its youthful author went down "forgotten in the clay," to sleep that sleep which the stormy waves of earthly tribulation can not wake, and from which the voice of thunder, nor the loud cry of the elements can ever startle the dreamless slumberer. But he sleeps "in the hope of an eternal day;" and when "the long night is gone," he will wake at the voice of him who is the resurrection and the life; *for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise.*

THOMAS DICK, LL. D., OF SCOTLAND.

DR. DICK as a writer for the people has attained a popularity which few, if any, in our age, can claim. That his writings have been productive, and continue to be productive of great good, none will deny. Faults, like all other men, it is true, he has, and perhaps the greatest fault of his writings, so far as their style is related, is the too great diffuseness every-where visible. He explains too much, and leaves almost absolutely nothing for the mind or the fancy of the reader to fill up. It is too obvious to need an argument here, that our reading depends for its interest as much on what that reading *suggests*, as on what it really tells in so many words and outright. This we conceive to be Dr. Dick's greatest fault as a writer; but as the blemish is not a moral but a literary one, it can never work any serious harm. We are pleased to know that his efforts in behalf of sound religion and pure literature have

been crowned with such signal success. For some trivial reason—we presume it is because of his unbounded humanity and benevolence, or because he can not swing off with the high royalists and the still higher Churchmen—it has pleased her "Most Sacred Majesty, Queen Victoria," to withhold a pension from Dr. Dick, who is now quite down the hill of life, and who, as most readers know, is suffering from want and destitution. Mr. Montgomery, of Sheffield, has his income from the government to the amount of seven hundred and fifty dollars per year. This Mr. Montgomery well deserves; but it is equally our opinion that no man in the British empire is more deserving of an annuity than the venerable Thomas Dick. We feel assured of one thing, however, and it is an assurance of great value, that whether Dr. Dick obtain the riches of this world or not, he will obtain, in the world to come, the riches of a Savior's smile, and the inheritance of eternal life—things far paramount to all worldly considerations.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

ISAAC TAYLOR, author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, *Physical Theory of Another Life*, etc., though not diametrically the opposite in style to Dr. Dick, the Scottish writer, is yet so dissimilar in that style, that very few of the great mass of the Doctor's readers peruse the writings of Mr. Taylor. This has not arisen from the fact that Mr. Taylor is not a benevolent man, but from the circumstance that his style of language is too obscure for any but a well-cultivated intellect. Mr. Taylor was originally a Dissenter, but he holds no place now with that body of Christians, nor yet is a member of the Established Church. He occupies distinctively and literally a middle ground. The idea that the existing traditional forms of sectarian Christianity are becoming obsolete, and must ultimately vanish away—the idea that the evangelical Churches of every denomination must, ere long, re-examine their position in relation to the past and the future, must learn from the Scriptures some new lessons of simplicity, freedom, and purity, and must give up whatever in their forms of dogma or of discipline forbids their communion or their co-operation—the idea that the age now passing is an age of preparation for a new and brighter era, and should be so regarded, is strictly the great idea in Mr. Taylor's creed, and gives unity to all his works. There are some sentiments in his writings which are obnoxious to our taste, such as his bitter sneers at and contemptuous notice of republicanism, but with very slight exceptions we are an admirer of Mr. Taylor's writings, and we cheerfully coincide with the verdict of another writer on Taylor, that few authors now living have done as much for the reformation and advancement of the great Christian commonwealth as has Isaac Taylor of England.

DYING WORDS OF WILBERFORCE.

"COME and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce to a friend a few minutes before his death. Afterward putting his arms around that friend he said, "God bless you, my dear." He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said, "I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall walk no further through this world together; but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear F.—do not weep; for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you

press forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ as a Savior. Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He afterward spoke of the regret of parting with his friends. "Nothing," said he, "convinces me more of the reality of the change within me than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret; yet I do not love you less, but God more."

"I think religious people do not read the Bible enough." Wilberforce had nothing at the time to say of the infidel part of the world neglecting God's word. He spoke of something to him of more painful interest. Need we enlarge on his words? Who of all the disciples of Christ read the Bible too much? Who read it enough? Will the pious reader put these questions to himself? A dying hour will be sweet to the soul, if, through life, we have constantly made the Bible our companion, and God our counselor and friend.

#### THE GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE.

LIEUTENANT LYNCH, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the river Jordan and the Dead Sea in 1848, visited the garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May. He speaks of it as being inclosed by a high stone wall, and when he saw it the trees were in blossom. "The clover upon the ground," says Lieut. Lynch in his Narrative, "was in bloom, and altogether, the garden, in its aspect and its associations, was better calculated than any place I knew to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the base of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with the deep, yawning chasm of Jehoshaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead. Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying, parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These trees are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Savior was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed, and wept. No caviling doubts can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give him ample food for contemplation; for they tell of the suffering life and ensanguined death of the Redeemer."

Lieut. Lynch remarks elsewhere in his Narrative that on the same slope, and a little below Gethsemane, facing

Jerusalem, were the reputed tombs of Absalom, Zachariah, St. James, and Jehoshaphat, the latter of which gives name to the valley. Some of them were hewn bodily from the rock, forming a striking and remarkable group. That of Absalom was eight feet square, surmounted by a rounded pyramid, and had six semi-columns to each face, which were of the same mass with the body of the sepulcher.

#### MARRYING FOR MONEY.

THERE are some men in the world who seem to marry simply for money. The concession is rather discreditable to human nature, but it is too obvious to admit of denial. The following passage from an eminent English author is so apropos, that we hope all will give it a candid perusal:

"For you, my dear, and frank, and high-souled young friend—for you I should say, fly from a load upon the heart, on the genius, the energy, the pride, and the spirit, which not one man in a thousand can bear. Fly from the curse of owing every thing to a wife! It is a reversal of all natural position—it is a blow to all the manhood within us. You know not what it is; I do. My wife's fortune came not till after marriage. So far, so well; it saved my reputation from the charge of fortune-hunting. But I tell you fairly, that if it had never come at all I should be a prouder, and a greater, and a happier man than I ever can be with all its advantages. It has been a millstone round my neck. And yet my wife Ellinor has never breathed a word that would wound my pride."

Twenty, thirty, or a hundred thousand dollars will not make a man happy. Virtue and true affection are the bonds of lasting bliss. Let the young man or the woman, who contemplates matrimony, keep this thing in mind, that in years to come he may not have cause to reproach himself for his folly.

#### GOLDSMITH'S CRITICISM ON THE POET GRAY.

THE author of the "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard" was one of the most careful and scholastic writers of his age. Indeed, his pertinacious adherence to classic allusions was the great reason why his popularity was so limited among his cotemporaries. Goldsmith, in speaking of Gray's "Progress of Poesy," and one or two other works, gives utterance to the following views:

"We can not without regret behold talents so capable of giving pleasure to all, exerted in efforts that, at best, can amuse only the few. We can not behold Gray seeking fame among the learned without hinting to him the advice that Socrates used to give to his scholars—*study the people*. This study it is that has conducted the great masters of antiquity up to immortality. Pindar, the great lyric poet of Thebes, adapted his works exactly to the dispositions of his countrymen. Irregular, enthusiastic, and quick in transition himself, he wrote for a people inconstant, of warm imagination, and exquisite sensibility. He chose the most popular subjects, and all his allusions are to customs well known in his day to the meanest persons."

It is generally understood that Goldsmith was personally the enemy of Gray. This may have been the fact, yet there is any thing but nonsense or malice in this critique on his brother bard. Goldsmith quotes from Gray in proof that the odes of the latter are, so far as composition is concerned, superior even to the odes of

Dryden. Gray was seven years in writing his *Elegy*, and according to some authorities, fourteen. The absence of "hard words" is certainly not the sole reason of the immortality of this poem. The reader knows better than any one can tell him what there is in the "*Elegy*" which, irrespective of its age and authorship, causes it to be favored by all classes with an almost unbounded praise.

#### THE DEW-DROP.

WHO has not seen, and who has not admired, a drop of dew trembling in the cup of a flower? Why does not that little drop remain in its soft bed forever? A pearl lies at the bottom of the sea, and it makes no effort to rise to the surface, and yet the difference in density between the pearl and the sea-water is much less than the difference between the dew-drop and the surrounding atmosphere. A globule of quicksilver let fall into the ocean rests in its bed forever, yet it is only some eleven times heavier than the water above it. The little drop of dew is over eight hundred times heavier than the air around it, yet no sooner does the sun rise than that same little drop exhales and flies off toward heaven. It mounts up on wings from its tiny flower-cup like a bird mounting from its mossy nest. The air opens to receive it in its way up, and in a little while it mingles with thousands and tens of thousands of other dew-drops that have flown up in the same way. How do we account for this? How do we account for exhalation and evaporation? Is not the hand of divine Wisdom in this matter?

#### WILLIAM COBBETT.

THE following words from the lips of that singular but sound-headed Englishman, William Cobbett, are worthy of serious reflection:

"Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and for beauty, though men fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at their work."

This is a truth which the experience of every sensible man will confirm. Occupation is not simply what every man should have; it is one of the chief sources of human happiness.

#### "HE HAD NO ENEMIES."

SUCH was the language of a friend in speaking of a deceased relative's character, and very strange language it is. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for any thing. He is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every body tries a hand in it. A man of sterling worth is the man who, with all his friends, must also have his enemies. He thinks for himself; he acts for himself; he speaks for himself; and inasmuch as all men do not think, and speak, and act the same, the man of settled principles frequently comes in collision with his neighbor's opinions. What wonder, then, that he occasionally has enemies! How much greater would the wonder be had he none!

#### AMERICAN SCENERY.

WASHINGTON IRVING spent the larger part of his early life in England, Italy, and Spain, and, of course, employed every opportunity of witnessing the natural

scenery of the old world. Hear him speak of our country after all his observations and experiences:

"On no country, more than our own, have the charms of nature been prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver—her mountains with their bright aerial tints—her valleys teeming with fertility—her tremendous cataracts thundering in their solitude—her boundless plains waving with spontaneous verdure—her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean—her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all her magnificence—her skies kindling with the magic of summer cloud and glorious sunshine—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful in natural scenery."

#### ECONOMY OF TIME.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, a late English author of deserved celebrity, in speaking of the manner in which thousands of men and women fritter away life, observes that there is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science, provided we pass "no day without a line, and visit no place without a book." There is some extravagance, it is true, in requiring one always to have a book with him; yet it is undoubtedly the fact, that the more we do, and the more busy we are, the more profitable leisure we have.

#### A GOOD MAN'S RESOLUTION.

JOHN G. LAVATER was born in the year 1741, at Zurich, Switzerland. On the capture of Zurich by Massena, a French marshal, September 26, 1799, he was shot in the side by some soldier of the invading army. He was in the street at the time, assisting the distressed, and giving refreshments to wounded and exhausted soldiers. He lingered for more than a year, and died on the second day of January, 1801. Lavater was one of the best and most virtuous of men. He had a resolution which he sacredly kept, and which it would be well for every Christian to make and to keep through life. It was this:

"I will never, either in the morning or evening, proceed to any business, till I have first retired, at least for a few moments, to a private place, and implored God for his assistance and blessing."

Lavater died as he had lived, not strictly a martyr for the cause of truth, but a good disciple of Jesus Christ.

#### DAYS OF REPOSE.

A RECENT and terse English author, in speaking of the temporal advantages of the Sabbath, compares the fifty-two days of rest with which the year is interspersed to patches of verdure, watered by ever-springing fountains, that dot the inhospitable wilderness, and which invite its fainting travelers to exhilaration and repose. The figure is not less true than beautiful. The Sabbath is strictly the poor man's day—the day of his rest and peace. The Sabbaths of our lives are like ports that fringe the sea of human industry, into which we may run our barks in times of distress, and where we may repair our losses and afterward renew our voyage through time to eternity.

#### PIETY.

"It is not possible for Christian piety to exist," says Rev. J. Fletcher, "without the brilliant light of truth, and the burning flame of charity."

## NEW BOOKS.

**HISTORY OF THE PURITANS IN ENGLAND AND THE PILGRIM FATHERS.** *London: Thomas Nelson. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. 1850.*—The first part of this work—the Puritans in England—is from the pen of Rev. W. H. Stowell, and the second part—the Pilgrim Fathers—is from Dr. Wilson, F. S. A., Scotland, both transatlantic writers of considerable celebrity. The history here presented to the public we deem correct and authentic. There is very little of the tone of the partisan or the bigot in the writings, either of Mr. Stowell or Mr. Wilson, but, on the other hand, there is a calm and just exhibition of the real character of the Puritans, both as a political and religious body. The Puritans were not, in the strict or popular sense of the term, heroes; they were plain, good, and rigidly-pious men, and had their mistakes and faults in common with humankind. They were, in different phraseology, the living, practical witnesses of great truths, of great social principles, and of great religious doctrines in critical and stirring times. Happy will the reader be, if, in his practice of piety, he attain to the elevation which those men reached whose lives are here detailed, and whose deeds have left a profound impression on the character of the world.

**THE PROVINCIAL LETTERS OF BLAISE PASCAL.** *A New Translation, with a Historical Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. Thomas M'Crie, Edinburgh. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. 1850.*—Pascal was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, France. From his youth he was characterized by extraordinary talents. Though brought up in the midst of the greatest religious superstition and darkness, he became convinced, in his twenty-fourth year, by the reading of some religious books, that a Christian must love God and God only. He lived in almost utter seclusion during the last nine years of his life, and died at the age of thirty-nine. He conceived a work on the Christian religion, but died before it was half completed. His Provincial Letters are a model of the didactic epistolary style in French literature. They are a most withering satire on the lax morality of the Jesuits, whose interests suffered more from the publication of these letters than from the severest attacks of their armed enemies. We would be particularly glad to see our Catholic prints in the United States give free circulation to the Provincial Letters. Their publication would accomplish a vast amount of good.

**HEAVEN'S ANTIDOTE TO THE CURSE OF LABOR; or, the Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath considered in relation to the Working Classes.** *By John Allan Quinton. New York: Samuel Hueston. 1850.*—This little volume, an announcement of which we made in our last, is one of one thousand and forty-five essays which were written in the year 1846 by English operatives on the temporal advantages of the Sabbath. A prize of £25, or \$125, was offered to the author of the best essay on the subject. Mr. Quinton, a journeyman printer, of Ipswich, received the premium. The style of the work is not inferior to that of the best living authors of England or America, and yet the education of Mr. Quinton was one of the most limited character. The essay, moreover, is strictly the production of a working-man, not a working-man, however, in the abstract sense of the term, but a man whose hours of life are occupied in physical labor, and whose hands are employed constantly in supplying the daily food of his family. We copy the closing paragraph of the volume as a specimen of the author's peculiar style and power of composition:

"Suppose the Sabbath were to be, by all people, consentaneously abolished; let the railway trains, as on other days, dart athwart the land; let the tide of commerce, unarrested, flow; let the hives of industry still swarm; let the clangor of machinery and the deafening roar of trade continue to resound; let the tramp of traffic still go on; let the greedy grasp their gains, and the slaves go groaning beneath their fetters; in short, let the contentious world proceed as at other times. And what would be the upshot of all this? Should we be the happier—the healthier—the freer—the richer? Would any one of the ends of our terrestrial existence be in any degree facilitated thereby? Would the selfishness of man, unchecked and unreprieved, be less grinding or cruel? Would the oppressor

be less tyrannical? Would any of the acknowledged evils of society be diminished one iota? Would the competitions, the rivalries, and the heart-burnings of men be less crushing and ruinous? Alas, no! every evil under which we now writhe would be aggravated; every carnal passion would then have full swing; every undamped lust would then burn with increased intensity; health would be permanently blasted; the nobility of man would be annihilated; and the glorious energies of his immortal spirit would be hopelessly imprisoned. Mammon and Bacchus might continue to be diligently served, but God would be unworshiped! Mankind, thus ingloriously wedded to the world, would, through all their lives, grovel in the dust, and never devoutly raise their foreheads to temples of the sky!

"Help, ye wearied children of labor! Help, ye Christian ministers and philanthropists! Help, ye statesmen and legislators! Help, ye patriots of America, whose hearts yearn for the welfare of your suffering kind! Help! that the most distant approach to such a state of things as we have just surmised may be prevented, and that the blessed advantages chartered by the Sabbath, may be faithfully preserved and zealously extended."

**OREGON AND CALIFORNIA IN 1848.** *By J. Q. Thornton. With an Appendix, including Recent and Authentic Information on the Subject of the Gold Mines of California. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.*—This work is comprised in two duodecimo volumes, and is well and agreeably written. Several illustrations, besides a fine map of the countries described, accompany the work, which, in these days of improvement, take well with the public. The remarks of Judge Thornton on the forests of Oregon reveal some strange facts in regard to vegetable growth there, which some, perhaps, who live on this side of the Rocky Mountains will be slow in believing. He says that in the neighborhood of Astoria there are pine trees, which, at a height of six and a dozen feet above the ground, have measured forty feet in circumference, their bark being nearly a foot thick, and their perpendicular height between two and three hundred feet. The second volume is devoted principally to a description of California, and to a full detail of the adventures and trials of the emigrant to that land now worthy of the name of El Dorado. To any person, whether desirous of visiting the very far west or not, we commend these volumes as well worth a careful perusal.

**A HISTORY OF WONDERFUL INVENTIONS.** *Illustrated with Numerous Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.*—This work is marked as belonging to the Boys' Own Library, now issuing by the Harpers, and is strictly deserving the place assigned it, and, in fact, is a suitable book for almost any library. The engravings are decidedly fine, and the matter of the volume, according to the decisions of a young friend at our elbow, is of the very first order. The work is divided into two parts. Part First contains the following list of articles, all of them illustrated by several beautiful engravings: The Mariner's Compass, Light-Houses, Gunpowder and Guncotton, Clocks, Printing, The Thermometer, The Barometer, The Telescope, The Microscope. Part Second has articles on the Steam-Engine, The Cotton Manufacture, Steam Navigation, The Railway, Gaslight, and the Electric Telegraph. The only objection to the work in question, if, indeed, it be an objection, is the brevity of the last article of the volume, which is on the Electric Telegraph. We recommend the volume to such of our young friends as desire, in a brief compass, a vast variety of useful and entertaining knowledge on the most important subjects. All the above are on sale by Swormstedt & Fowler.

AMONG other new works waiting for notice we acknowledge the following from Messrs. Lane & Scott, New York: Anecdotes for the Young, Revivals of Religion, Life of Zwingle, Living Waters, and some twenty volumes of Sunday School Books, Series B. We shall attend to all these at our earliest opportunity. Adams on Christian Union, from the press of S. Hueston, New York, Humboldt's Cosmos, or a Description of the Universe, from the Harpers, and numerous other works from the different publishing-houses of our country, will likewise receive our attention in due time.

## PERIODICALS.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE**—Number 305—contains nineteen pieces of poetry and twelve regular articles of prose. The following passage from Mr. Bryant's *Second Letter from Jamaica on the Coolies*, the most inveterate beggars in the world, will be read with interest:

"The Coolies were imported by the British government to take the place of the *faisant* negroes when the apprenticeship was abolished. Their figures are generally superb, and their faces almost uniformly of the finest classic mold. They are not vicious, nor intemperate, nor troublesome, particularly, except as beggars. In that calling they have a pertinacity before which a northern beggar would grow pale. They will not be denied. They will stand perfectly still, and look through the window from the street for a quarter of an hour, if not driven away, with their imploring eyes fixed upon you, like a stricken deer, without saying a word or moving a muscle. I never saw one smile; and though they showed no sign of positive suffering, I never saw one look happy. Every face seemed to be constantly telling the unhappy story of their woes, and like fragments of broken mirror, each reflecting, in all its hateful proportions, the national outrage of which they are the victims."

**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW** for January contains eleven articles, as follows:

1. *Epidemics*.—This article evinces considerable research, and will command a general perusal. The concluding paragraph alludes to a fact familiar to all, and suggests that a volume might be written upon it. It is the action of light on the nervous system, and its consequent influence on human health. The gleam of sunshine is restorative in its effects; the dark cloud or the rainy day tends to a depression of the mind and body, and, of course, to an injury of one's general health. We would be glad to see the suggestion of the Review improved upon, and a well-written volume on the influence of light on man's nervous system.

2. *Woman's Mission*—brief but judicious. The writer avoids the worn-out question whether man was created superior to woman, and assigns as a reason the very sensible remark that it is a question which no body knows any thing about, while no result of any value could arise from proof one way or the other.

3. *Religious Faith and Modern Skepticism*.—The tone of this article is pure, and the style is unexceptionable. The writer, whoever he may be, is imbued with the spirit of his subject, and he likewise imbues his reader with something of the enthusiasm characterizing his remarks.

4. *The Castles—Shirley*—review of two novels from Bulwer—unread.

5. *The Law of Bankruptcy*—interesting to members of the legal profession.

6. *Railway Progress* discusses the questions of railway bridges, railway construction, the rights of railway owners and passengers, and the light load, light engine system of railway transit—quite readable.

7. *The Session of 1849*—an article on the votes and proceedings of the house of commons, from February 1 to August 1, 1849—not particularly interesting to Americans.

8. *Obituary—Ebenezer Elliott*.—Mr. Elliott, usually styled the Corn-Law Rhymer, was a man of noble heart, and of high poetic worth. The present paper is complimentary, but very brief.

9. *African Coast Blockade*—somewhat statistical, but profoundly interesting.

10. *Foreign Literature*—extracts, not from any American works, but from various European prints—French, Italian, etc.

11. *Critical Notices*—comprises a list of thirty-three new volumes.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURG MAGAZINE** for February has six articles:

1. *Goldsmith*—a review of the recent biography of Goldsmith by Washington Irving.

2. *The Siege of Dunberg, or the Stratagems of War*—a narrative of spirited interest.

3. *Agrippa D'Aubignac and Madame de Maintenon*—review of a French history bearing this name. It contains some fine passages.

4. *Memoir of W. Collins, of the Royal Academy*.—The writer presents the life of Mr. Collins to his readers as a specimen of what he is pleased to call *strict artistic biography*.

5. *The Green Hand*—a "Short" Yarn—Part Eighth.—This "short" yarn is a very long one, and we have not, as yet, been able to find either end of it.

6. *British Agriculture and Foreign Competition*—Number Two—a long article and full of statistics. It contains occasionally a few lines of a complimentary character to other people than the British, while the Americans, among the rest, come in for a word of praise.

Blackwood is a magazine of long and tried character, and though in some particulars not just such as we could wish it, it is nevertheless richly deserving its reputation as a standard periodical. Post & Co., Agents, Cincinnati.

**ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. 1850.**—This report embodies a vast amount of information which must prove useful and interesting to every one connected with Sabbath schools. The Appendix, particularly, contains some most valuable suggestions relative to the education of teachers for the Sabbath school, besides some sad revelations respecting the extent of youthful vagrancy in our large cities. The Report is circulated gratuitously, and will, this year, be distributed chiefly by mail. To every one carefully perusing this document, more comprehensive views respecting our Sunday school operations as a whole, will be given, and of the part which each individual is expected to sustain in connection with that system.

**CLASSIFIED AND DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF BOOKS AND TRACTS. Published for the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Lane & Scott. 1850.**—Like the Sunday School Catalogue of our Church, this is a fine specimen of typography, and will prove most useful for reference to all classes of readers. Under each general division, except biography and history, the books are arranged alphabetically, according to the names of the authors. A general index, including both names and subjects, is furnished at the close of the work, so that any book may be found, even when the author's name may not be known to the purchaser. The publication of this Catalogue will, we doubt not, communicate to the public much that is new, and will add largely to the sales from the general catalogue of our books. In behalf of our friends out west, we thank Dr. McClinton for the document.

**THE FAMILY MIRROR. Edited by Lucina C. Mallock. New York.**—The numbers for January, February, and March, are on our table, with their usual variety of useful and interesting articles. A fine plate embellishes each number.

**THE PULPIT OF THE ASSOCIATE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—The specimen number of a monthly work to be published in Cincinnati under this head is before us. The typography of the periodical is beautiful, and the matter, so far as we have been able to examine, good. It is edited by Rev. James Prestly. To the members of the Associate Reformed Church, we doubt not, the publication will be particularly acceptable. We wish it a long career of usefulness.

**THE WESTERN LANCET AND HOSPITAL REPORTER. Edited by L. M. Lawson, M. D.**—The number for March contains several articles of sterling value, among which the first by the editor, on the diseases of the chest, is deserving a careful reading. The *modus operandi* of cod liver oil is a brief, but well-written article. It is favorable to the use of cod liver oil in almost all cachectic diseases, or such diseases as result from a deranged state of the constitution, as consumption of the lungs, rheumatism, chronic ulcers, and many others.

**SPIRIT OF THE LAKES AND BOATMEN'S MAGAZINE** for April contains some good articles, adapted peculiarly to the interests and wants of sailors. This monthly was begun by the lamented Cooper, of the North Ohio conference, something over a year ago. We trust it will do much for the morals and the minds of our lake and river boatmen.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

ALMOST every body loves spring better than any other season of the year, and the month of May more than either of the other spring months. The summer months sink almost imperceptibly into those of the spring, and however narrowly we may watch, we can scarce'y distinguish the change. Autumn glides in upon summer with a noiseless tread, bringing the sear and yellow leaf, and the fall and ripened harvest for man. But Spring, like a fairy, rises up from the bleakness and desolation of Winter, and arrests every eye by her coming. Sights of primrose-covered banks and primrose-colored skies, just warm enough to tempt "those little angels of the trees," the birds, to come back from the sunny south, or from sunnier lands beyond the seas, meet the eye at almost every turn. Up springs the lark from among the young daisies where it has slept all night, shaking the beaded dew-drops from its wings, and, as it flies into the clear blue of heaven, singing its sweetest matin song, till it vanishes into the floating silver of the cloud. You see on the river bank, or in the field, or in the garden, the freshly-blooming flower, or the young and tender bud putting forth its leaves, while far away in the great, green, old, almost pathless woods, where nearly every tree looks alike, the bees and birds are building their homes for themselves and their future little ones. But not to the country merely, but to the crowded city the arrival of spring is also known and welcomed. For, even without going to the woods and fields, we can tell the coming of the hours of cheerful smiles and glorious skies. How lengthened are the days, how early come the sunbeams into our chambers, and how many sweet scenes of distant country spots can we recall to mind, which these same sunbeams are beginning to warm! or, in the beautiful language of Tennyson, how many thousands of flowers, both in the city and country, are peeping forth,

"In the early, early morning, when the summer sun doth shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When we are all asleep, and all the world is still!"

Far back in olden time the streets of villages, on the first day of May, were set with trees till they looked like a park, while over the porch and door of each house there hung fresh boughs with May-blossoms profusely interwoven. And farther back yet, as that good old poet, Spenser, tells us, the boys and girls would rise early on May morning, and go to the woods and load themselves with May bushes and sweet-brier, with which they would return home to decorate the pillars of the Church, and then to have their breakfast of cakes and cream. These simple but old-fashioned amusements, however, are 'little known now, and but few, if any May-poles are erected in all our land, to herald in the first day of the month—the merry month of May.

Among the prose articles read and filed for publication we acknowledge the following, additional to those given in a previous number: 1. Woman, or the Wives of the Sandwich Island Missionaries; 2. The Domestic Relations of John Wesley; 3. A Mother's Influence; 4. An Address to Step-Mothers; 5. Secret Prayer; 6. Olden Times; 7. A Dream; 8. Unfortunate Adventurers. We have a large number of other articles in prose from various quarters, but our time has been too fully occupied to admit of attending to their proper reading and examination. We shall avail ourself of the earliest leisure to attend to them respectively.

Of poetical articles the following are filed: 1. The Voice at Sea; 2. Moral Influence; 3. Beauty; 4. To a Walnut-Tree at a distant School-House; 5. Droppings of the Sanctuary; 6. An Apostrophe; 7. Sleep On; 8. The Future Life; 9. The Death of a Young Lady; 10. Mount Auburn; 11. The Two Death-Beds; 12. The Winds.

Our correspondents have been liberal in their supply of articles, for which we feel duly grateful. The reader will doubtless agree with us, that, in our last number, our correspondents acquitted themselves well. We think that the list in the present number, though not presenting quite so varied a number of articles, is still of a very creditable character. We can not but call attention to the first paper, on "Reminiscences of the German Father-Land," by Professor Wells. We had the

pleasure, during the winter just passed, of hearing the Professor's lecture on this subject before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of this city, and we were so pleased with his address, that we requested him to give us something on the same subject, or rather the substance of his lecture, for publication in the Repository. Professor Wells consented, and the reader has in this number from his pen one of the very best articles, so far as purity of style and luxury of matter are concerned, that has ever graced the columns of this or any other monthly. The parts descriptive of the first locomotive trial in Austria, the beer-drinking of Germany, and the passage of the Alps are particularly interesting. Mr. Wells is now a resident of Cincinnati, and is an accomplished Professor of the German language. The sketch of Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon, from the graceful pen of our Berlin correspondent, Mrs. Professor Birney, will be read, we doubt not, with deep interest. It presents in a most melancholy light the moral character of a woman, who, had she acted differently, might have been recollected and cherished by all posterity. We acknowledge at this instant the receipt of another sketch, and we judge it to be one of thrilling character, from Mrs. Birney, entitled "The Deserter, an incident of the Hungarian war." We shall give it an insertion in our next.

Our plate this month we deem of the first order. There is a distinctness of outline, and a fineness and a finish throughout, which we seldom see surpassed. It presents a view of the waters of the Danube as they discharge themselves into the Black Sea by the middle, principal branch of the stream called Sulima, or, as most geographers write the word, *Sulimeh*. There are two other principal arms by which the Danube empties into the Black Sea, the northern one being called Kilia, and the southern one Edrillis, neither of which, however, has sufficient depth of water to float any ordinary ship or steam vessel. The depth of the water floating the boat on the left is unknown, though it is conceded that it can not exceed twenty-five or thirty feet. Far in the perspective, where the reader will observe a ship under sail, and a steam vessel plowing its way, with the masts of numerous vessels to the right, there is what navigators call the bar of the middle arm of the delta of the Danube. It occurs just before the river meets the sea, and is a very shallow place, covered only by about twelve feet of water. Every year it is becoming shallower, and it is feared that the time is not far distant when the filling up of the mouth of the river by the mud daily brought down, will be so great as effectually to shut out all communication with ships between the river and the sea. The Danube is not only one of the largest rivers of Europe, but it is among, if not the very swiftest of the eastern hemisphere, running in some places, as at the "Iron Gate," four miles below the place where the stream leaves the Austrian dominions, at the rate of eight and sometimes twelve miles an hour. At its mouth, unfortunately, it flows very sluggishly, and hence the settling of sediment just as it reaches the Black Sea. A ship canal is much needed for purposes of navigation, and it is probable that one will some day be constructed. The Turks still hold dominion there, and we doubt not the three turbaned sportsmen on the right are genuine subjects of the Sultan.

Our late illness, which has been protracted and of a serious character, is the reason why our editorial department for this month does not contain the usual columns headed "Newspapers" and "Recent Books." It is also the only reason why a leading editorial article is not given, as we had several written, but we were stricken down so suddenly, that we had not the opportunity to revise any of them for the press. Excepting some slight advice at the beginning, and a little more attention at the closing up of the number, and this only in our own department, we have had almost nothing to do with the present issue. The arrangement of most of the articles, the filling up, the scraps, the reading and reviewing of the books and periodicals, have all been attended to by Mr. Erwin House, to whom we owe many thanks.

Articles from one or two of our best contributors will be slower in their appearance on account of their great length. In general, a production of more than three or four printed pages is not suited to our work.



## TOIL ON! HOPE ON!

BY F. A. ERSKINE.

Toil on, brother! day is breaking—  
Day that has no coming night;  
Toil on! though thy heart is quaking,  
Waiting for the morning light;  
As the restless waves of ocean  
Ever press unto the shore,  
So, my brother, cease not motion  
Till the darkness be no more.

Hope on! hope! the light is streaming  
Brightly through death's narrow home—  
Gilds thy hope with sunshine, gleaming  
From the pure and changeless throne;  
Soon thy heart shall bound with gladness,  
And the toil of life be o'er—  
Soon shall every shade of sadness  
Flee thy spirit evermore.

Hope on! hope! life's blessed river  
Flows in beauty in that clime;  
Behold its mighty waters quiver!  
Beauty which is not of time  
Gleameth thence with endless motion,  
Ever changing—ever new,  
As sunshine on the waves of ocean  
Mingles with the cloudless blue.

Toil on! hope on! never falter  
In the path which duty shows;  
What faith has seen ne'er shall alter,  
Only changing bad to rose;  
Toil on! in that changeless dwelling  
Harps of joy are tuned for thee;  
On their strings thy song is swelling  
Token of thy victory.





THE BRIDGE  
AT ST. ALBANS

David Lauder del.



# WE HAVE PARTED IN OUR SORROW.

DEDICATED TO MISS E. ASHFORD.

Poetry by W. D. GALLAGHER,

Music by F. WERNER Steinbrecher.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The vocal line begins with a whole rest for four measures, then enters with the lyrics "We have From the". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, also with a key signature of one sharp and common time. It starts with a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. A "Ped." (pedal) marking is present at the end of the system.

We have  
From the

Ped.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "part - ed in our sor - row, We have part - ed in our pain; We shall". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics "dis - tance where I lan - guish, From my bo - som torn and tried, Shall es -" are written below the vocal line.

part - ed in our sor - row, We have part - ed in our pain; We shall  
dis - tance where I lan - guish, From my bo - som torn and tried, Shall es -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "meet not on the morrow, We may ne - ver meet a - gain; But the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The lyrics "cape no word of anguish, For the E - den bliss de - nied, But my" are written below the vocal line.

meet not on the morrow, We may ne - ver meet a - gain; But the  
cape no word of anguish, For the E - den bliss de - nied, But my

# WE HAVE PARTED IN OUR SORROW.

past shall hold its pow - er, For our life and love are one; As the  
soul its deep e - mo - tion, Plaintive - ly for aye shall tell, As for

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "past shall hold its pow - er, For our life and love are one; As the soul its deep e - mo - tion, Plaintive - ly for aye shall tell, As for".

fra - grance and the flow - er, As the  
aye the voice of o - cean Murmurs

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fra - grance and the flow - er, As the aye the voice of o - cean Murmurs".

sun - light and the sun; As the sun - light and the sun.  
*P* from the far - off shell: Murmurs *pp* from the far - off shell. *pp*  
*Ped.*

The third system concludes the piece. It includes dynamic markings: *P* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo). The lyrics are: "sun - light and the sun; As the sun - light and the sun. from the far - off shell: Murmurs from the far - off shell." The system ends with a *Ped.* (pedal) instruction.